

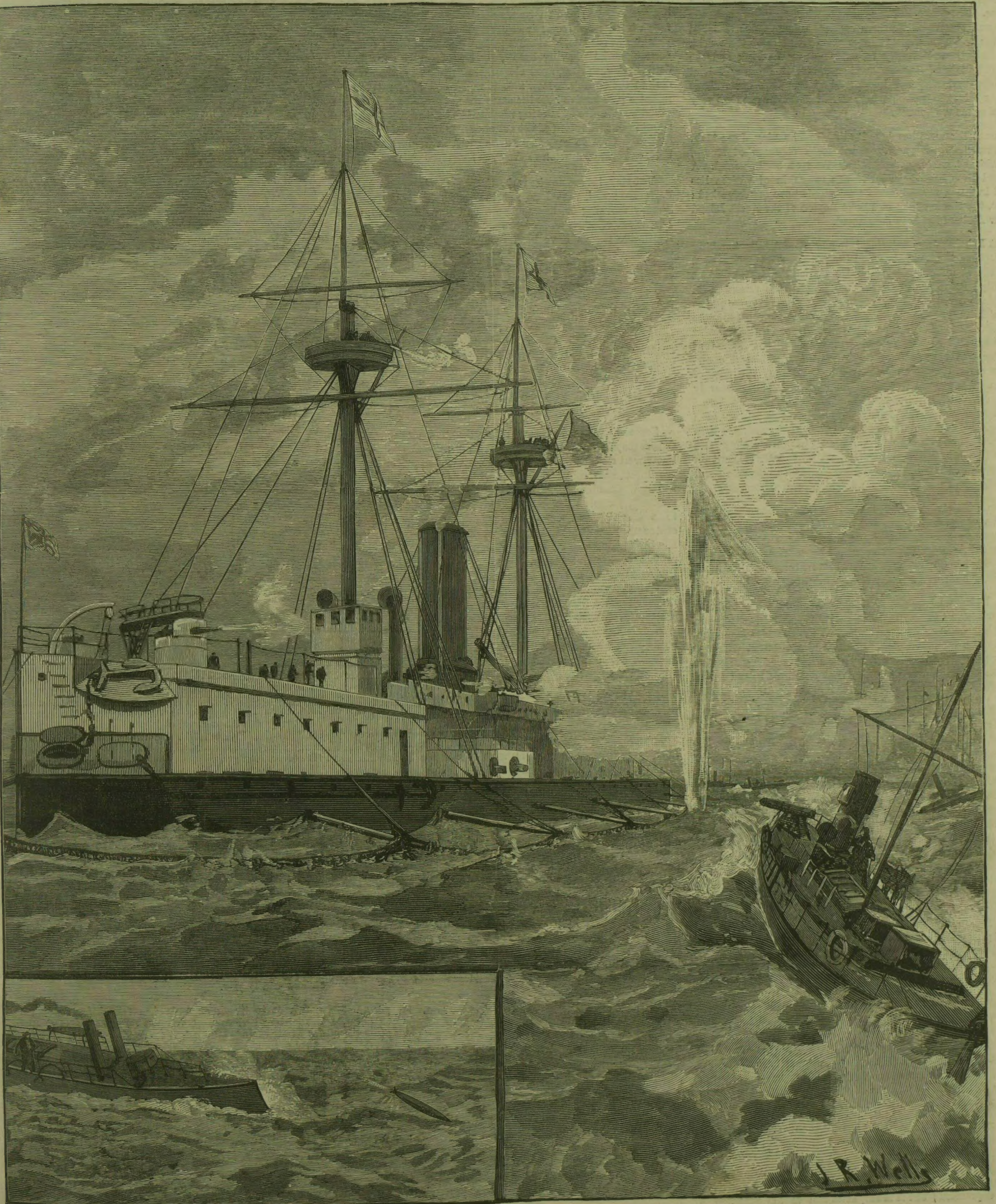
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WITH SUPPLEMENT AND } SIXPENCE.
LARGE PARLIAMENTARY MAP } By Post, 6½d.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES AT PORTSMOUTH.—H.M.S. COLOSSUS ATTACKED BY TORPEDO-BOATS: DISCHARGING A WHITEHEAD TORPEDO.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

People, I suppose, will continue to eat, and drink, and sleep; to be merry and to mourn; to marry and be given in marriage; to flatter the present and malign the absent; to seek truth and to tell most desperate fibs; to read the newspapers and go to the play; to get into debt and dress in the fashion, or out of it; in fine, the World will go on as usual, although it has just lost two of its most beautiful Wonders.

Let me digress, but with a purpose. Many years ago, I knew a gentleman who had earned the sobriquet of "Bonaparte" Smith, although, I believe, his real Christian name was John. Jeremy Diddler would have been as appropriate a designation for him, since he was constant in borrowing small sums and never returning them. One morning in the month of August, 1821, Mr. Smith, being in King-street, Covent-garden, met an acquaintance who, almost breathless with excitement, told him that the news had just arrived in town of the death, at St. Helena, of Napoleon Bonaparte. "Bonaparte be hanged! Can you lend me three-and-sixpence?" Thenceforward he was known as Bonaparte Smith.

There may be many cousins-german of "Bonaparte" Smith extant—some anxious to borrow three-and-sixpence; others wanting to borrow fifty thousand pounds; others yearning to be made K.C.M.G.'s, or longing for a legacy, a wife, or a divorce. These are the people who, when they hear that the Pink and the White Terraces of Rotomahana have vanished for ever, and that these terraces were Wonders of the World, may audibly or mentally respond, "Hang the Pink and the White Terraces of Rotomahana! I wonder if Jones will lend me three-and-sixpence to-morrow?" or, "Who cares about Pink or White Terraces; where did Miss Smith get that very becoming mauve bonnet?"

Mount Tarawera has done it all. On Thursday, June 11th, Tarawera "erupted" and vomited forth columns of stones, fountains of ashes, and spouting fans of boiling mud. A hundred lives have been lost. The township of Wairoa lies buried in mud; several Maori settlements have been wrecked; in fact, the whole of the Hot Lake Region of the North Island of New Zealand has been devastated.

But I shrink from entering into any more details touching the eruption, the Hot Lakes, and the Pink and White Terraces. I was there in November last, and explored the entire district carefully; but there are fastidious people who resent as an impertinence your telling them too much about strange places to which they have never been. It is disagreeable to be branded as a bore. Prince Bismarck denounced Alexander Von Humboldt as a social nuisance, because that illustrious traveller was very fond of talking about the colossal, snow-clad mountain Popocatepetl which dominates the city of Mexico. I can recall the aspect of Popocatepetl as distinctly as I can that of Primrose Hill, to which charming acclivity I was driven yesterday; but, remembering the Bismarckian denunciation of Alexander Von Humboldt, I have always been very careful not to mention Popocatepetl in polite society; and if ever I go into society again I shall be equally reticent on the subject of the Hot Lakes of New Zealand. One would not like to be known as the Pink-and-White-Terrace bore.

Mem.: Thirty years ago it was the Rocky Mountains bore who was the pest and dread of cheerful drawing-rooms. He is a bore no longer, simply for the reason that everybody crosses the Rocky Mountains now-a-days. Married couples spend their honeymoons there. Mr. Barlow takes Sandford and Merton thither; children cry for them.

"A. B. N.," who says that he is a Turk, and a Bey to boot, writes me from Constantinople a curious epistle on note-paper of bright scarlet, with a gilt crescent in the left hand top corner. The ostensible Bey, referring to a question which I lately put, "Why does not the Turk eat curry?" maintains that the Ottoman *does* patronise that dainty dish, and states that before writing to me he had for luncheon a most delicious *plat* of "Khri Koosh Pilaff."

The supposititious Bey's letter is all leather and prunella. A Turk may eat curry just as he may eat bubble-and-squeak or roast sucking-pig, or drink dry champagne. I remember, at a hotel in Constantinople once, that we had for a guest at the table d'hôte one evening a descendant of the Prophet. The Holy Man swallowed so much champagne that the green veil of his turban shifted its place, and hung over his helpless nose, while the Greek waiter whispered in my ear, "I have well soused the infidel's beef with pork gravy." But for all that, the Turk does not eat pork, any more than he eats curry. Fortunately for my contention, I have found, since I propounded the curry question, a Turkish cookery-book. I have gone through most of the recipes given. Tripe soup, curd soup, headle's kebab, forest kebab (which is a lamb roasted whole, for picnic purposes), stuffed musk-melon, dancing-dervish pilaff, priest's stew, stewed sword-fish, water pie, arm pie (whose arm?), taster pie, sheikh's roast, priest fainted (egg plants fried in oil, with onions and garlic), but I cannot find a word about curry.

To make assurance doubly sure, I had recourse to what the society papers call "the highest authority." I had the honour to meet the Turkish Ambassador at dinner lately, and I ventured to ask him whether the Turks eat curry or not. The reply of his Excellency Rustim Pasha was to the effect that the yellowish-brown substance known as curry powder is entirely foreign to the Ottoman *cuisine*, and that curry is a Hindu, and not a Mohammedan *met*.

A person at Zante, who has written me a silly and impertinent letter about the pianoforte, the study of modern Greek, and other cognate subjects, accuses me of vulgarity for having used the word "fiddle" instead of "violin." Fiddle a vulgar word! Bless us, and save us! The last is rather a vulgar expression; but it is emphatic and to the point. Let

the person at Zante make inquiries of some other person who has received a tolerably good education, and she will be told, first, that the word fiddle is used by Shakspeare, by Bacon, by Ben Jonson, Dryden, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Stilling, Addison, Michael Drayton, Butler, and Swift; and next, that it is derived, either from the Latin "fidicula," a little lute, or through the Anglo-Saxon, the Low German, or the Danish, from the Low Latin word "vidula," whence the Italian "viola" of which "violino" is the diminutive; so that in strict accuracy the instrument sometimes called a violin should be called a fiddle, whereas the term violin should in strict propriety be applied to a dancing-master's "kit."

In a letter on the interesting subject of "Large versus Small Joints," in the *Daily News* of July 27, I read:—

The French housewife is content with small snacks of meat, not only because, as a rule, she cannot afford large ones, but because she knows how to make the most of them by the aid of the *pot au feu* and other simple culinary devices. The English artisan's wife will only have a joint to roast or boil one day in a week because she is ignorant of any other way of cooking meat, or because she will not take the trouble which is necessary to cook the same weight of meat in smaller quantities. It is simply a matter of cooking.

I beg the pardon of the writer of this letter. The English artisan's wife is cognisant of a way of cooking a joint of meat quite different from the processes of roasting or boiling it. She buys her joint late—very often a great deal too late—on a Saturday night; and on Sunday morning she puts the joint into a baking-dish, sometimes divided into two compartments: potatoes in the one, Yorkshire pudding in the other; and, the "arrangement" having been duly buttered and floured, her daughter Sarah Ann, aged eleven, trots away with the savoury dish to the baker's. How nice it will smell at about twenty minutes past twelve! At the same time, it must be pointed out that this practice of sending meat to the baker's means simply ruin to the cultivation of the art of cookery among the working classes. It is so easy to send Sarah Ann with the joint of beef, or pork, or mutton to the oven!

But stay, let me not be rash. Provided always, as Acts of Parliament say, that I do not blunder, joints were sent on Sunday morning to the bakehouse as I have described, when I went out of town at Christmas, 1884. But a vast number of legislative things have been done since the period named. Grandmotherly legislation was very active, I am told, all last Session; and, for aught that I can tell, Sunday baking may have been abolished by law while I was at the Antipodes. I should not be at all astonished to learn, next Session, that honourable gentlemen intended to introduce bills for prohibiting the sale of hardbake and almond-rock to persons under thirty-seven years of age; for establishing a board for the examination in higher mathematics of under-butlers; for making it a criminal offence to drink hot tea on Sunday; and for compelling everybody to go to bed, winter and summer, at eight p.m., having previously sung "Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

Some of my readers may think that I am exaggerating. Others may deem that I am talking nonsense. On the contrary, I know well enough what I am about. I want to protest against the intolerable social slavery to which we are being reduced through grandmotherly legislation. Here is a respectable bookseller, who, at the instance of a local board, is summoned to a Police Court for the high and mighty offence of obstructing the thoroughfare in Wardour-street by allowing a narrow wooden board for the display of his stock-in-trade to project over the footway. Why, ever since I was a small boy, open bookstalls have abounded in Wardour-street, and in the thoroughfares surrounding Leicester-square. Take Holywell-street, Strand: it is one mass of bookstalls. There is a capital bookstall next door to the office of this Journal. Wherever there is an open bookstall a moderate number of bookworms will be attracted to it; and to talk of this being an obstruction to the thoroughfare is so much mischievous stuff and nonsense.

I love bookstalls, and I daresay that I have derived a great portion of my early education from desultory study of the contents of the "fourpenny" box. But if bookstalls are to be really abolished by prosecutions from local boards, I would humbly suggest a means by which open-air book-vending might be encouraged without obstructing the thoroughfare. I have bought some of the rarest books in my collection not of Mr. Quaritch nor of Mr. Bain, but out of costermongers' barrows in the New Cut on Sunday mornings. But I would suggest another way.

Follow the example set on the quays which line the Institute shore of the Seine at Paris. Let your dealers in old books exhibit their wares on the parapet of the Victoria Embankment, between Charing-cross and Blackfriars Bridge. The conversion of this now neglected counter-space into a vast book-emporium would draw to the Embankment great numbers of respectable persons, who now avoid it because it is made in the daytime the happy hunting-ground of juvenile roughs of both sexes, and because at night it is the resort of footpads and garotters. But, dear me, what a fierce outcry there would be in Bumbledom and Localboardom and General-donkeydom, if practical steps were taken to utilise the Embankment in the manner in which I have pointed out! Almost as fierce an outcry as though it were proposed to erect a café on the roof of the station of the Metropolitan Railway at the bottom of Norfolk-street, and I can scarcely conceive a more appropriate site for such a place of refreshment and entertainment. But Mr. Bumble having recently (*en secondes nocces*) married Mrs. Grundy, there is no hope of any of the reforms which I have suggested being carried out. Disgusted with grandmotherly legislation, I am thinking of emigrating to New Guinea, where there are no local boards, and where, if anybody interferes with the enjoyment of anybody else, he is sat upon by a special jury, and eaten, *pour encourager les autres*.

It is delightful to find on one's library-table, as I have just done, a copy of the sixth edition of "The Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare," by Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S. and F.S.A. Mind you, the sixth edition; and it is a bulky work, the present issue being in two volumes of four hundred pages each. There is scarcely a page in "The Outlines" from which something deeply instructive may not be gained; and, taken as a whole, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' exhaustively erudite book is a noble monument of the memory of Shakspeare.

The two hundred Greek gipsies who went to Liverpool a few days since from Millwall, where they squatted and made themselves a horrible nuisance, are now squatting on a waste plot of ground at Walton, near Liverpool. None of the Transatlantic steam companies will consent to convey these unsavoury nomads to New York, their anxiously desired bourne; and if they did reach Manhattan I fancy that the authorities at Castle-garden would not allow the unclean vagabonds to land. They would be equally unwelcome at Sydney or Melbourne, at Brisbane or Adelaide; but if they could manage to sneak into the Australian continent by some back-door seaport, room might be found for them in the bush of the "back blocks."

There they might camp out without disturbing anything, save the dingoes and the kangaroos; nay, if they wandered near a station they might be found useful. They are not bad blacksmiths and farriers, and are handy at shoeing and firing horses. They are expert tinkers; and Australian agriculturists are always in want of having their pots and kettles mended.

In a bookseller's catalogue for the current month I read that somebody wants to purchase a book called "The Battle of London Life," the authorship of which is ascribed to the writer of this page. I may venture to say, in connection with "The Battle of London Life"—"No child of mine." I never wrote a line of the book, any more than I ever wrote a preface to a work by an American lady called "Belle Boyd"—a preface which Mr. Bret Harte accused me of writing more than twenty years ago, and for which accusation I brought an action for libel against his publisher, which the bibliopole timeously compromised. Nor did I ever write a romance called "Sweeny Todd." I did have the gentleman who ventured upon that soft impeachment "in a pie." I had his publishers in the Court of Queen's Bench, before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and a special jury, and the booksellers were cast in five hundred pounds damages. It is bad enough to be abused for the stupid books which you have written, without being taken to task for those with which you have had nothing to do.

"The Battle of London Life" was published some eight-and-thirty years ago. It purports to be written by "Morna." Morna was the *nom de plume*—I mean *nom de guerre*—of a Mr. Thomas Mavinhe O'Keefe, an Irish gentleman of the most Irish characteristics. The story, if I remember right, mainly related to the late Mr. Charles Dickens and a detective. All that I had to do with the book was to illustrate it with about a dozen drawings on stone, one of which, I remember, I stole from Gavarni.

Mem.: Please to note that I corrected myself in respect to *nom de plume*, and substituted *nom de guerre*. Gallic scholars have warned me that *nom de plume* is not current French. How did we come to adopt the term as a Gallicism? Is it good French to say that anything is on the *tapis*? How about *double entendre*; and why do we persist in spelling a *lever* of Royalty *levée*? There is a *levée en masse*, and there is a *levée* at New Orleans; but a *lever*, misspelt *levée* at St. James's or Buckingham Palace is quite another thing.

I think that it is in one of Mr. Thackeray's books that the great novelist incidentally points out that a lady of fashion, even at the height of the London season, and notwithstanding all the calls made upon her time by the care of her house, her husband, her children, and the ravenous demands of society, can generally find time for the pursuit of some pretty little art or craft; and that when she has a spare hour she gives it to drawing, or painting, or modelling, or fret-cutting, or turning, or embroidering, or illuminating something for somebody. Last week I recommended to the British Fair the study of Modern Greek as a most enjoyable substitute for "spanking on the grand planner": an instrument which I at once admire and abominate. We have, as it is, far too many Harmonious Blacksmiths in flowing skirts. But perhaps, Mesdames, you do not care to add another language to your French, your Italian, and your German. What do you say to trying your nimble hands at wood-carving?

Here is a little pamphlet, "Hints on Wood-Carving, for Beginners," by Miss Eleanor Rowe, with a preface by Mr. J. H. Pollen. Miss Rowe has been for several years the manager of the School of Art Wood-Carving at the City and Guilds of London Institute. Regarding her qualifications for the task, Mr. Pollen points out that the lady received her training from Signor Bulletti, an artist of great capacity, well known for his carvings at Alnwick Castle. So, ladies, if you wish to emulate the repute of Signor Bulletti—nay, the fame of Grinling Gibbons—read Miss Rowe's manual, which can be obtained at the School in Exhibition-road, South Kensington, and in a short time you will know all about bench-screws, holdfasts, extra flat gouges, square-headed mallets, Washita slips, and "family grindstones." Family grindstones are infinitely preferable to family jars.

I have to thank an unknown friend for sending me the third annual volume of Grimon de la Reynière's "Almanach des Gourmands"—the original edition of 1806, in the original paper covers. The frontispiece—invented by Grimon, drawn by Dunant, and engraved by Maradan—is lovely. It represents the session of a Committee of Tastes, or "Jury de Gourmands Degustateurs," discussing the merits of a succulent repast. The only volume I hitherto possessed of the famous "Almanach" is the first one. The frontispiece is even more delicious than the one of 1806. It portrays the interior of a gourmand's library. A large ham is suspended from the ceiling in lieu of a chandelier. The table is covered with good things—a leg of lamb, a duck, a turkey, cutlets, and a Strasburg pie. Behind, ranged on book-shelves, are dried tongue, truffles, cock's-combs, sausages, jars of pickles and preserves, and all manner of sauces. The exquisite little picture is enough to make your mouth water, especially when you are obliged to live upon slops and spoon meat.

G. A. S.

LORD SALISBURY'S MINISTRY.

The Marquis of Salisbury succeeds Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister, in accordance with the Constitutional practice to which her Majesty has ever strictly adhered. The issue of the General Election was decisive as to the one crucial question submitted to the electorate. Although the large Map presented as a Supplement with this week's Number had necessarily to be prepared before the final result of Mr. Gladstone's appeal to the country had been definitively ascertained, yet the colouring is eloquent as to the great preponderance of new members in favour of the preservation intact of the Parliamentary Union between Great Britain and Ireland. The upshot of the polling at the Orkneys had not been learnt when we went to press. Not reckoning that remote constituency, there was a combined majority of about 117 Conservatives and Liberal "Unionists" against the allied Gladstonian and Parnellite forces, the various sections being composed of 317 Conservatives, 76 "Unionist" followers of Lord Hartington or Mr. Chamberlain, 191 Gladstonian Liberals, and 85 Parnellite Home Rulers. It will be observed there is a considerable "wearing of the green," not only in by far the greater portion of the Emerald Isle, but also over large tracts of Scotland and of Wales. Albeit the drastic and impracticable schemes of the retiring Ministry have been roundly condemned by the popular voice, some measure for the extension of local self-government in Ireland will assuredly be adopted sooner or later. On this point, it may be mentioned that Mr. Gladstone, in thanking the Rev. J. R. Hargreaves for conveying to him the Wesleyan memorial of sympathy, signed by 514 ministers, and approved by 194 others, hopefully replied:—"I can assure you that it is with very great satisfaction that I receive this emphatic testimony to the weight and justice of a cause which I regard as lifted far above considerations of political party, and as destined to a certain triumph in the end."

Lord Salisbury—looking all the better, we are glad to hear, for his rest at Royat les Bains—returned, with the Marchioness of Salisbury, by way of Folkestone, on the Twenty-third of July; and was received at Charing-cross Terminus by Lord Cranborne and Sir Edward Watkin, M.P. The noble Marquis had interviews with the Marquis of Hartington and Lord Randolph Churchill (directly he arrived from Norway), and with his principal political friends, before proceeding to Osborne, in obedience to her Majesty's summons, on Saturday morning last. There, the Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of the Queen, and kissed hands on being appointed First Lord of the Treasury—an office held by the Earl of Iddesleigh during the first Premiership of Lord Salisbury.

What took place at the important meeting between the Marquis of Salisbury and the Marquis of Hartington was disclosed by the Prime Minister at the remarkably large and enthusiastic gathering of the Conservative clans, brought together by Mr. Akers-Douglas, M.P., at the Carlton Club on Tuesday afternoon, when Lord Iddesleigh had the honour of being received with a heartiness only second in warmth to the vociferous welcome accorded to Lord Salisbury himself. His Lordship addressed his loyal followers in the large library; and it was noticeable that, whereas Lord Randolph Churchill was in one of the front rows of the members present, Sir Michael Hicks Beach occupied a seat by the side of Lord Salisbury at the table. The noble Marquis is reported to have frankly stated that, at the wish of the Queen herself, he had offered Lord Hartington the Premiership, or any Cabinet post he chose to take, in order to secure his valuable co-operation in the Government, adding that his Lordship had, however, given most satisfactory assurances that every possible support would be given by the Liberal Unionists to the new Administration. In passing, it may be suggested that Lord Hartington rather reckoned without his somewhat mixed following in making this promise. Be that as it may, Lord Salisbury went on to say that the new Ministry would meet Parliament on the Fifth of August, and sit continuously until the Estimates should be disposed of. The question of Ireland would receive the most careful consideration of the Government; and the noble Marquis hoped it would not be necessary for Parliament to reassemble after the autumn Session till the early part of next year, when the Ministry would, he trusted, be ready to explain their views with regard to Irish legislation. Sir John Mowbray, Mr. Cecil Raikes, Sir Henry Holland, the Earl of Carnarvon, and other prominent members of the Conservative Party indorsed the action of Lord Salisbury, who remained in consultation at the Carlton some time with the Earl of Iddesleigh, Lord Cranbrook, Mr. W. H. Smith, and younger colleagues. The *Globe* has it that the Marquis of Londonderry succeeds the Earl of Aberdeen as Lord Lieutenant.

What will be the policy of Mr. Parnell and his eighty-four Home Rule supporters under existing circumstances? There was a meeting of the National League in Dublin, on Tuesday, presided over by Mr. Joseph Biggar, M.P., who, with that grim humour which is part of his nature, cheerfully alluded to the unmaking of two Governments by the Parnellites, and said it was not beyond possibility that "they might unmake a third." Mr. Dillon, M.P., the most candid of Mr. Parnell's followers, complained that the issue had not been fairly put before the country; but added it was not improbable the Tory party might "dish the Whigs"; and that Ireland would accept Home Rule from whichever side it came.

Sir J. Drummond Hay, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., for twenty-six years her Majesty's representative at the Court of Morocco, is to be sworn of the Privy Council.

In London last week, according to the Registrar-General's returns, there were 2572 births and 1716 deaths. There was a slight rise in the death-rate, owing to the mortality from diarrhoea and dysentery.

Notwithstanding unfavourable weather, there was a large attendance at the opening of the great annual rifle meeting of the Army at Aldershot on Tuesday. There was some excellent shooting in the matches for young soldiers, the rank and file, and the sergeants.

At a meeting of the Birmingham Town Council, on Tuesday, the designs of Messrs. Webb and Bell, of Queen Anne's-gate, Westminster, were accepted for the erection of the new Assize Courts in Corporation-street, at a cost of £78,000. There were 126 competitors.

A gentleman has presented to the Worcester Infirmary £5000 on condition that his name shall not be divulged during his life. He had made a will bequeathing this sum to the institution at his death, but on second thoughts decided to hand over the amount while living, by which step he gave to the infirmary the heavy duty which would otherwise be levied on the bequest.

The Society for Graphic Arts at Vienna announce that on Dec. 1 they will open, under the patronage of the Lord Chamberlain to the Emperor, an international exhibition of works produced in engraving, etching, lithography, and the "chemico-technical" processes of reproduction. Contributions, which should be sent before Sept. 30, must be directed to the society's offices, VI., Magdalenen-strasse, No. 26, Vienna.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE D'ORLÉANS.

Dreux, July 27.

The traveller generally thinks that when he has seen Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Saint-Germain, he has seen all that is worth while in the environs of Paris. Sometimes he pushes on to Chartres, animated by a professed admiration of Gothic architecture. But whoever makes the two-hours' journey from the Montparnasse station to Dreux? Remembering that Dreux is the burying-place of the Orléans family, I started yesterday with the intention of spending a few hours here; but, finding the little town quaint and hospitable, I have "got left," as the Americans say, by all the return trains. There are many odd corners at Dreux; here and there a narrow mediæval street, tottering old Gothic houses, and rivulets babbling down the roads. Every street is full of souvenirs of wars and heroisms. Here is the very house where Henri IV. slept the night before the battle of Ivry; down in the plain, yonder, was fought the bloodiest battle in the French religious wars, known as the Journée de Dreux; on the hill which rises above the town are the ruins of the castle of the Comte de Dreux, which was captured, with the town, from the Duc de Guise by Henri IV. How many sieges, how many struggles, how many adventures! A monograph of the history of this sleepy little town of Dreux might have the fascinating interest of a novel.

In a garden on the castle hill, above the town, is the chapel of Saint Louis, a modern structure in the form of a Greek temple, surmounted by a cupola. This chapel was built by Louis Philippe, when Duc d'Orléans, to replace one destroyed during the Revolution, which was the mausoleum of his maternal ancestors. The exterior aspect is not imposing, but the inside produces and leaves a grand impression. Not that there is pomp or splendour; on the contrary, one might take these tombs for those of simple citizens, sleeping without pride their eternal sleep. Under the chapel in the crypt are the sepulchres of the Orléans; the Duchess de Penthièvre; the Princess de Lamballe, who was massacred during the Revolution; the Princess Marie d'Orléans, whose tomb is guarded by an angel sculpted by the Princess herself, an angel with long, smooth hair, dressed in the fashion of 1830; Mademoiselle De Montpensier, to whom there is a statue by Pradier; the Duc d'Orléans, whose marble effigy was sculptured after a design by Ary Scheffer. The Duke seems to sleep, dressed in a General's uniform, his hand resting on his sword-hilt. The warrior's calm face reminds one strongly of the portraits of Alfred De Musset. In the centre of the chapel of the Virgin are laid the remains of Louis Philippe and his Queen, of the Duchess of Orléans, of the Princess of Condé, which were removed from Weybridge in 1876, and whose tombs the present members of the Orléans family have been adorning with sculptures by the best modern artists. In the Salon of last year M. Chapu exhibited a monument which now surmounts the tomb of the Duchess of Orléans. In the Salon this year the most striking work was the grandiose tomb by M. Mercié, representing King Louis Philippe in his regal robes, with Queen Amélie kneeling at his side. Preparations were being made to place this superb work in the chapel when the absurd decree of exile was issued, and the heads of the Orléans family were expelled from France.

These tombs are lighted by stained-glass windows by artists of the time of Louis Philippe, such as Horace Vernet, Larivière, Conder. One of them, representing the battle of Taillebourg, by Delacroix, is very fine. In the chapel above the crypt are some painted windows, executed at Sèvres, from the designs of Ingres, and representing the saints of the Orléans family. Saint Philippe is represented with side whiskers, a pear-shaped head, and a top-knot. "Why, it is the portrait of Louis Philippe!" one exclaims. "Yes," replies the guardian; "that is on purpose. Saint Amélie, you will see, is likewise the portrait of the Queen when she was young." Ingres, I suppose, wished to flatter his Sovereign, little thinking that he was destined to die in the shoes of a Senator of the Second Empire. The example of flattery of this kind was given by the primitive Italian painters, who often represented themselves or their customers in the guise of saints; but in these days people did not wear mutton-chop whiskers and pyramidal wigs. These windows are slightly comic when one examines them in detail. On the whole, the Chapel of Dreux is not fine from an artistic point of view. Nowadays it seems queer and old-fashioned, like an old keepsake, but it is a good place for the student of history to meditate. A whole era is summed up in these tombs; and, when one reflects upon the strange and tragic fortunes of so many of the members of the Orléans family, one feels that Fatality has, after all, a great rôle in the destiny of men.

The chapel of Saint Louis is in the centre of a labyrinthine garden, issuing from which one descends the slope towards the town. On the wall of a pretty eighteenth-century house, reminding one of the conventional country milk-maid's house dear to operetta scene-painters, one reads the inscription, "Ici naquit Philidor." No date or other detail is given. Who was this man with a poetic name? Philidor, I find, was a musician and a famous chessplayer; and I remember now that his bust figures in a place of honour in the Café de la Régence, at Paris, the great rendezvous of the chessplayers. In the town is a bust, shaded by a rose-tree, with the inscription, "A Rotrou, magistrat et poète." The friend of Corneille was born at Dreux; but it is curious that his compatriots should have chosen to honour the citizen and magistrate before honouring the dramatist and the poet. Perhaps they are right. There are so many poets!

The King and Queen of Italy arrived at Venice at one o'clock last Saturday morning, and were received with extraordinary enthusiasm. An illuminated procession of boats, with bands of music, escorted them to the palace, where, between two and three o'clock in the morning, they were obliged to show themselves several times on the balcony in answer to the repeated acclamations of the people. The King has sent a large sum of money to the Syndic of Rome, with a request that a central committee may be formed to distribute relief to the small towns and villages that have been attacked by cholera.

The sale of the Duc d'Aumale's hunting stud at Chantilly took place on Monday, and excited much interest. The twenty-five horses sold realised £2425, and the fifty-three hounds fetched £186.

The Spanish Chamber of Deputies has adopted the bill ratifying the Commercial Treaty with England.

Serious disturbances, which began on Sunday night, were continued next day at Amsterdam between the police and the people. Twenty-five persons were killed.

Yesterday week the King of Denmark opened at Copenhagen the first Sandinavian dog and poultry show held there.

The King of Sweden, with his sons and suite, arrived at Copenhagen on Wednesday on board the gun-boat Edda, commanded by Prince Oscar, to visit King Christian at Bernstorff.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

A few additional Illustrations of the scenery in British Columbia, on the line of this newly constructed railroad, which was described in our last, are given in the present publication. The total length of the main line, from the important commercial city of Montreal, the chief port of Canada on the River St. Lawrence, to its present terminus on the western shore of North America, opposite Vancouver Island, is 2899 miles. Montreal can be reached in winter, the St. Lawrence being then closed by ice, either by the Intercolonial Railway from Halifax, Nova Scotia, or by a shorter line from Portland, in the State of Maine. The new line westward of Montreal passes Ottawa, the Federal capital of the Canadian Dominion, runs up the river Ottawa, along the north of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, thence from Thunder Bay and Port Arthur to Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, on the Red River, and across the prairies nearly a thousand miles, traversing Assiniboia and Alberta, provinces of the great North-West Territory, where the new towns of Portage-la-Prairie, Brandon, Regina, Medicine Hat, and Calgary have recently arisen. Calgary, the farthest place of importance on the prairies, is 840 miles west of Winnipeg. The line crosses the Rocky Mountains and enters the highlands of British Columbia, a mountainous country with four successive ranges, of which the Selkirk range and the Cascade range are most remarkable, to be surmounted by the engineering works now practically finished. The bridge over Stony Creek, in the Selkirk range, is 280 ft. high, surpassing in elevation any other structure of its kind. The line turns southward, down the valley of the Fraser River, and reaches Port Moody, near the town of New Westminster, on the strait which separates Vancouver Island from the American mainland.

On Sunday last, as we learn by a telegram from Port Moody, the Prime Minister of Canada, Sir John Macdonald, accompanied by his wife, arrived there from Ottawa, having travelled nearly 3500 miles, and only during the daytime. The Premier, as the originator of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has been everywhere received with great rejoicings, and scores of addresses have been presented to him on the prairies, in the ranching districts on the mountains, and by the Pacific Ocean communities. Lady Macdonald made the journey from the eastern entrance to the Rocky Mountains to Port Moody, a distance of over 600 miles, through all the passes of the mountain ranges, on the buffer beam of the locomotive.

A telegram from Melbourne on Tuesday states that a general rainfall had set in throughout the Australian colonies.

A telegram from Madras on Wednesday states that the Hindoo theatre at Tinnevely has been burned down, over one hundred natives being killed and many others injured.

The population of Queensland on May 1 of the present year, including the Kanakas and Asiatics, was estimated at 330,000 souls, being an increase 117,500 since 1881. The number of aborigines in the colony was estimated at 20,000.

In the Victorian Legislative Assembly last week, Mr. Gillies, the Colonial Treasurer, made his Budget statement, which was well received. He proposed to alter the duties affecting farmers, and to increase by five per cent those on woollen pieces and wearing apparel.

President Cleveland has sent to the United States Senate a report from Mr. Bayard respecting the seizures of fishing-vessels. Mr. Bayard gives an account of a correspondence which he believes must soon terminate in an amicable settlement mutually just and honourable to both countries.

The baptism of the new-born son of the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovich and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Mavrikiyevna took place on the 23rd inst., at Peterhof, in the presence of the Imperial family. The Czar, the Queen of Greece, the Queen of Wurtemberg, and several other German Royal personages stood sponsors for the infant Prince, who received the names John Constantinovich. The Duchess of Edinburgh arrived at Peterhof on the 22nd.

A number of Indians and Esquimaux, estimated at 3500, have perished in Labrador from cold and hunger. Further details received state that the snowstorm which began there on the 20th inst. has cemented the ice and closed all the trails. Between 10,000 and 15,000 persons are thus cut off, and it is believed cannot escape death. A large number of Polar bears have been driven south by starvation, and are devastating the country. The Indians are eating their dead companions. The severe cold is caused by the Arctic ice massed along the shore.

Mr. F. Cavendish Bentinck, barrister-at-law, has been appointed Secretary to the Royal Commission on Education, in succession to the late Mr. Hugh Cowie, Q.C.

Lord Herschell, the Right Hon. John Bright, Sir F. Bramwell, General Pitt-Rivers, Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. Aldis Wright, and Mr. Thomas Hodgkins have received the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin on Tuesday opened a new street, extending in continuation of College-green and Dame-street, to Christ Church Cathedral, calling it Lord Edward Fitzgerald-street.

The Royal Commission on the Depresion of Trade have issued a third report, which contains notes of evidence relating principally to the agricultural, shipping, and mining industries, taken between March 10 and May 6.

The Norfolk estates of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, under an order of Chancery, were offered for sale by auction on the 22nd inst., at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard. For Houghton Hall and 10,564 acres of land £300,000 were offered, but this amount not being considered enough, no sale took place.

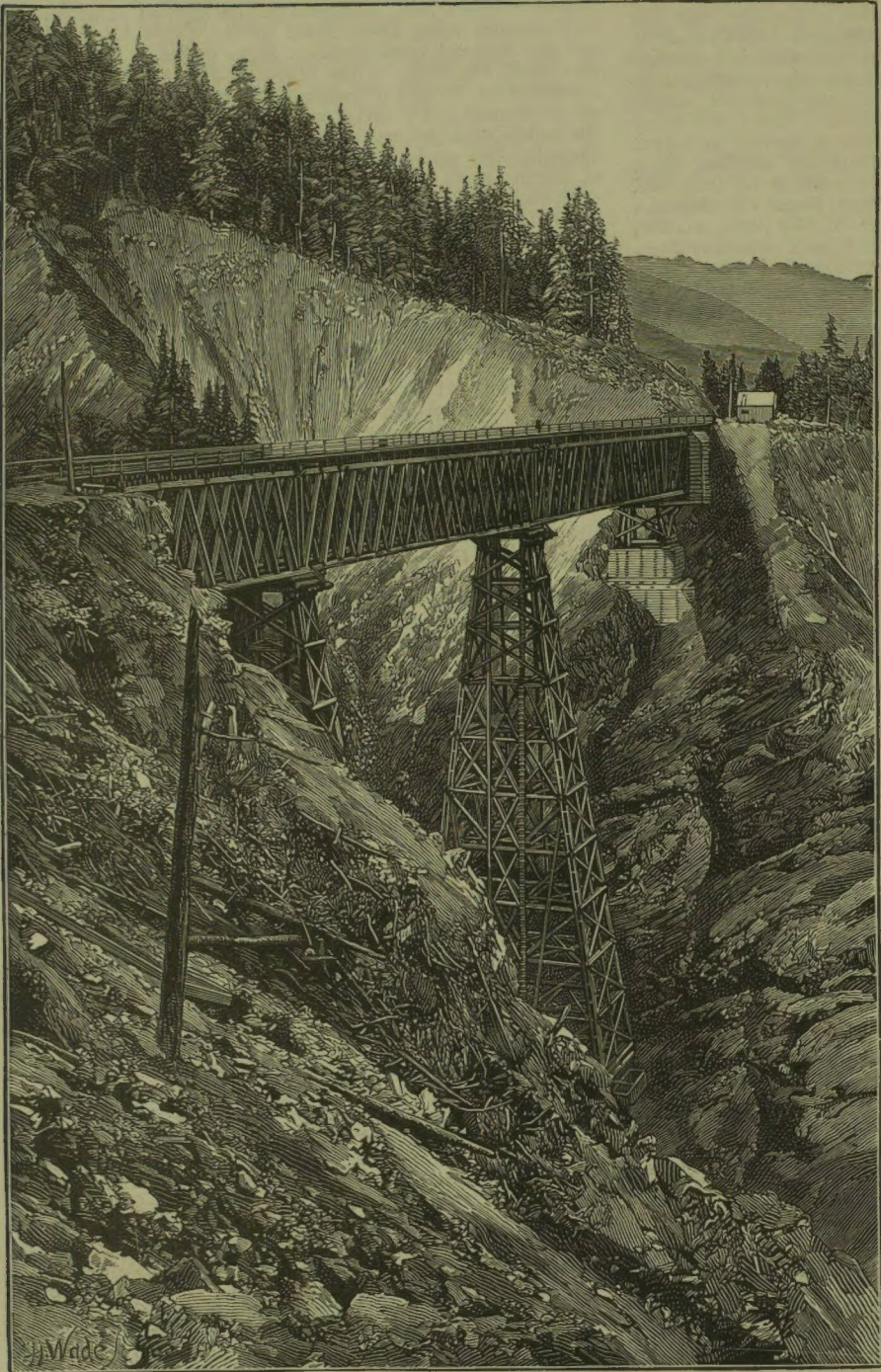
Colonel Sir Francis Brockman Morley has been again elected by the Middlesex magistrates as Chairman of the Court. A portrait of the Chairman has been presented to the magistrates by the Lord Lieutenant of the county, on behalf of himself and subscribers and friends.

The Masters of the Bench of the Inner Temple have awarded pupil scholarships of 100 guineas each to the following students who have been successful in the examination on the subjects in which instruction has been given by the tutors of the inn:—Common law, Mr. Hugh Fraser; equity, Mr. E. W. Ormond; real and property law, Mr. W. J. Lewin.

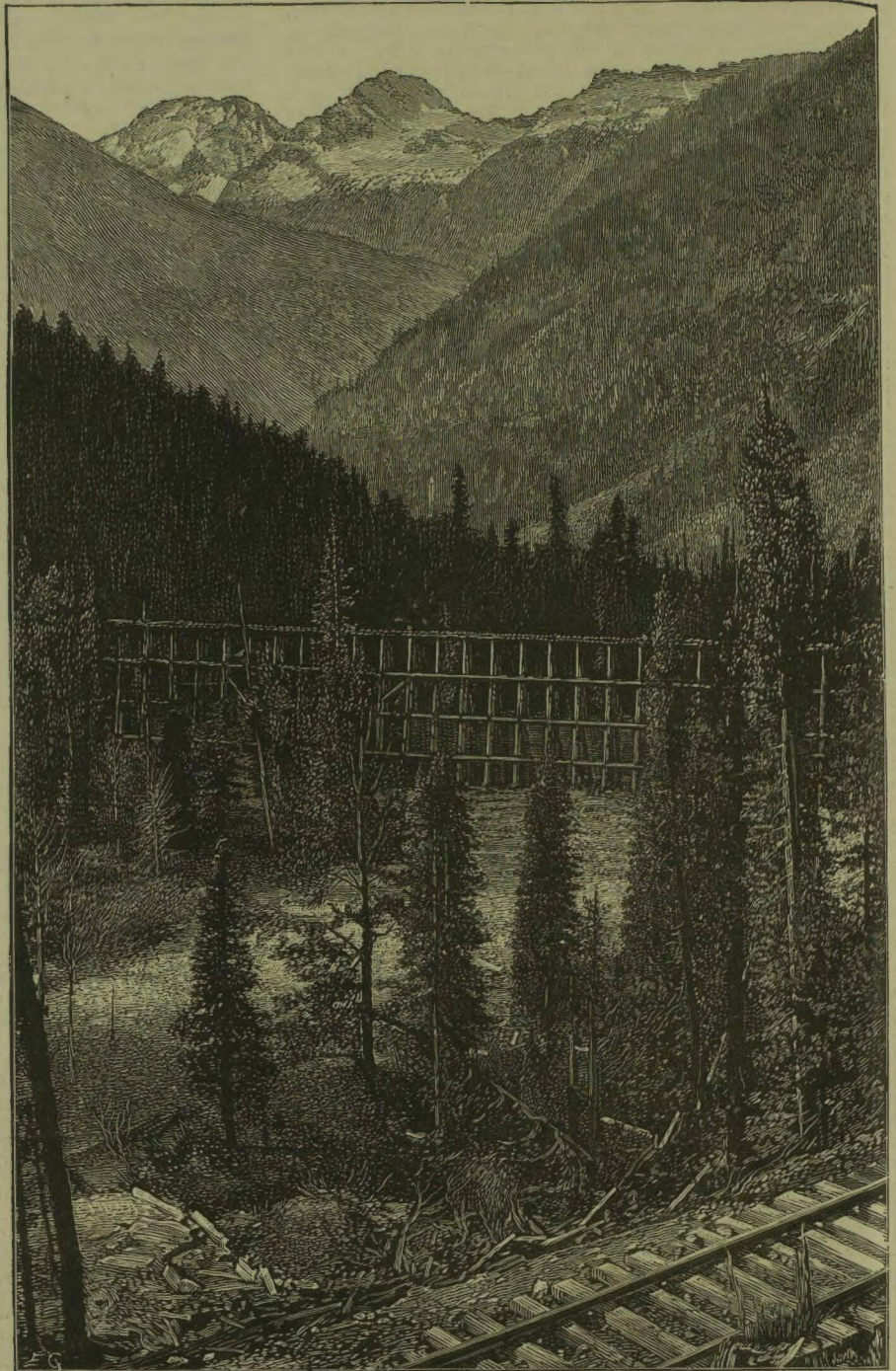
Three hundred and fifty carrier pigeons were started on the 17th inst., by the Vienna Carrier Pigeon Society, for flight from Vienna to Cologne. The report on the performances of the birds has now come in. The first pigeon arrived in Cologne on the 18th, having covered the distance of 490 miles in 22½ hours. Five other birds arrived on the 18th, 157 on the 19th, and 123 on the 20th and two succeeding days.

The entry list for the Wingfield Sculls, the symbol of the Amateur Championship of the Thames, has closed with three challengers—Messrs. F. I. Pitman, Third Trinity, and A. M. Cowper-Smith, First Trinity Boat Club, Cambridge, and W. Cumming, Anglian Boat Club. As Mr. W. S. Unwin, of Magdalen College, Oxford, holder of the sculls, has resigned them and will not compete, the prize will be rowed for in one heat on Thursday evening, Aug. 5, starting from Putney at 5.30 p.m.

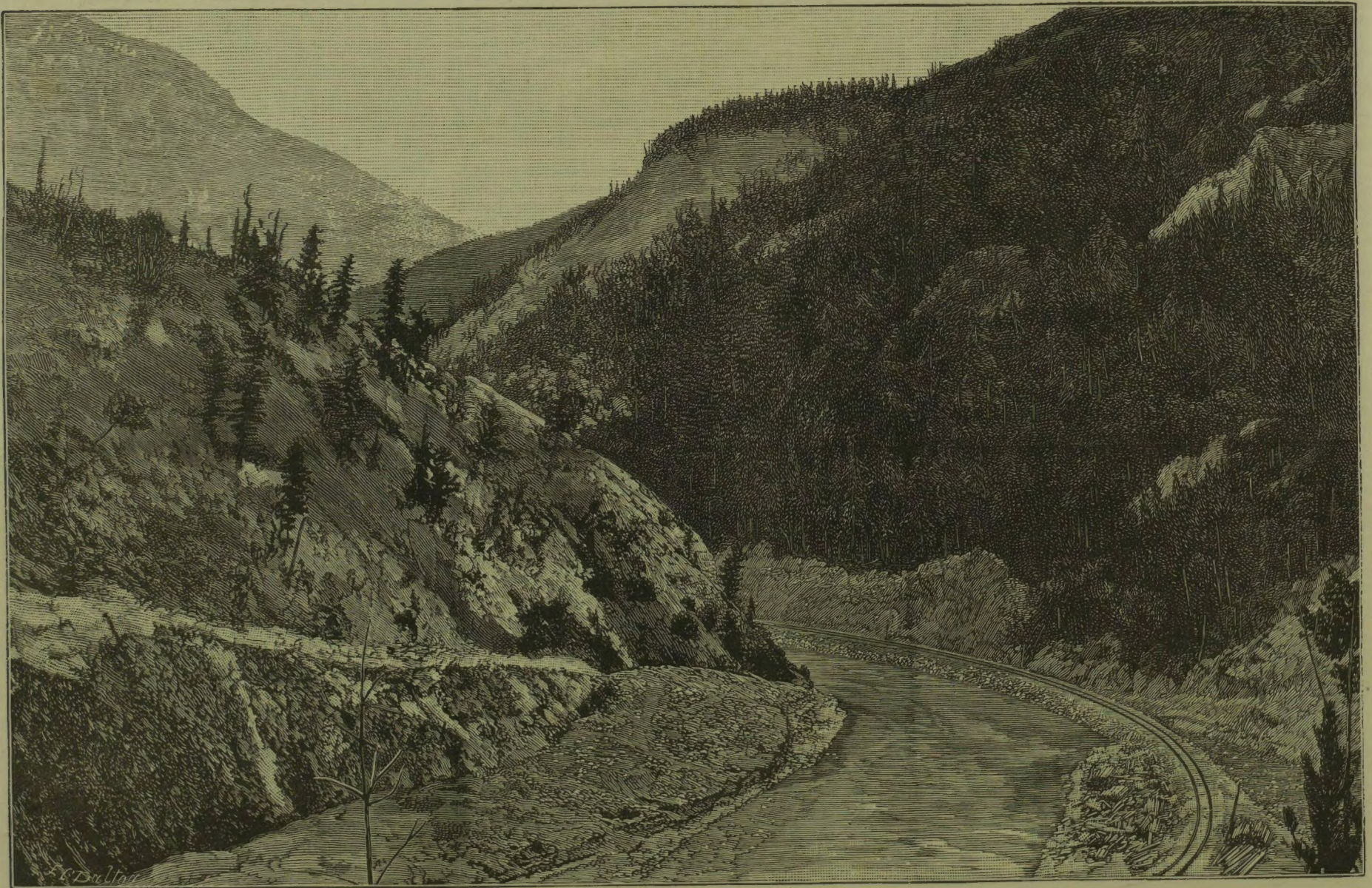
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.



STONY CREEK BRIDGE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

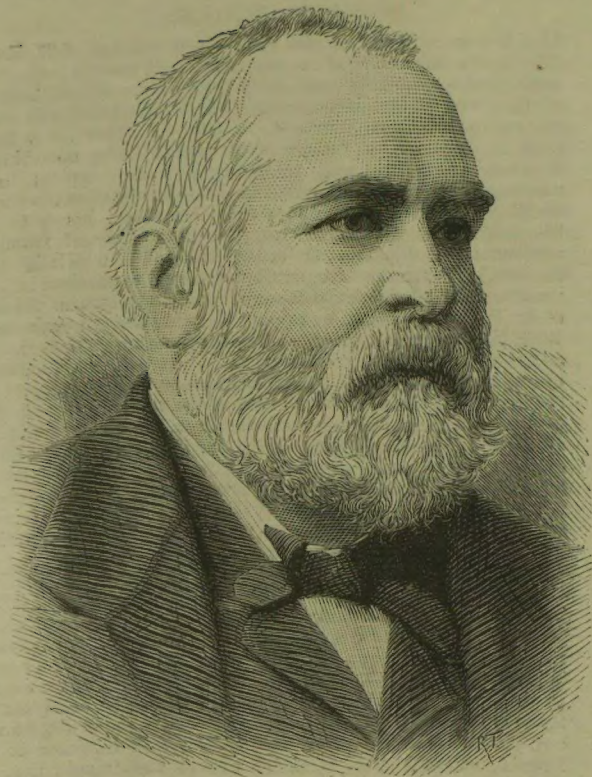


AT LOOP, IN THE SELKIRK RANGE.



FROM THE LOWER TUNNEL, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

COMMISSIONERS OF THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.



SIR F. PHILIP CUNLIFFE-OWEN, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.,
SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

HONOURS FOR SERVICES AT THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

The Queen has been pleased (on the recommendation of the Prince of Wales, as President of the Royal Commission for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition) to give directions for the following appointments to the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, in recognition of services rendered in connection with that Exhibition:—

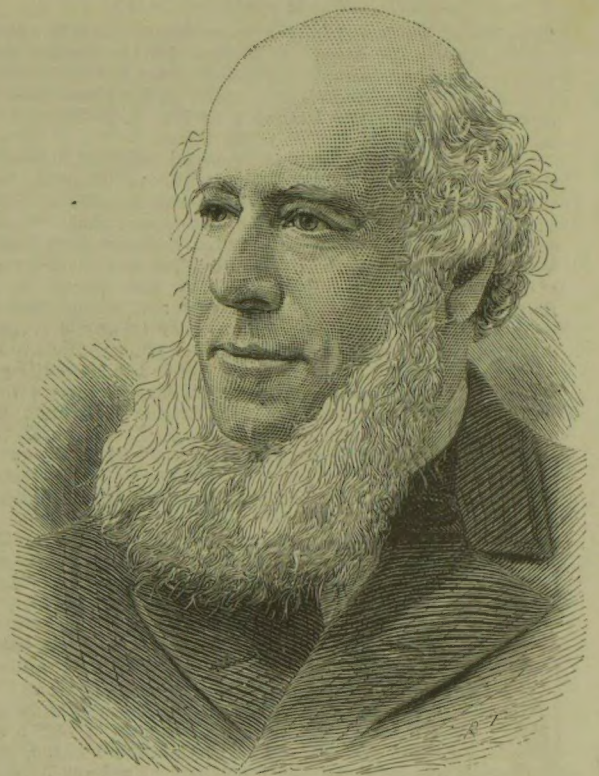
Knight Commander of the said Most Honourable Order:—Sir Francis Philip Cunliffe-Owen, K.C.M.G., C.B., C.I.E., Secretary to the Royal Commission and Executive Commissioner for the Indian Empire and for several Colonies.

Companions of the said Most Honourable Order:—Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., the Agent-General for New South Wales, and Royal Commissioner; Sir Arthur Blyth, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for South Australia and Executive Commissioner for the Colony, and a Royal Commissioner; Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New Zealand, Executive Commissioner for that Colony, and a Royal Commissioner; and Sir Charles Mills, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for the Cape of Good Hope, Executive Commissioner for that Colony, and a Royal Commissioner.

Her Majesty has also been pleased, on the recommendation of the Prince of Wales, to give directions for the following appointments to, and promotions in, the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, in recognition of services rendered in connection with the Exhibition:—

To be a member of the First Class, or Knight Grand Cross of the said Most Distinguished Order:—Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, K.C.M.G., C.B., High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada, a Royal Commissioner.

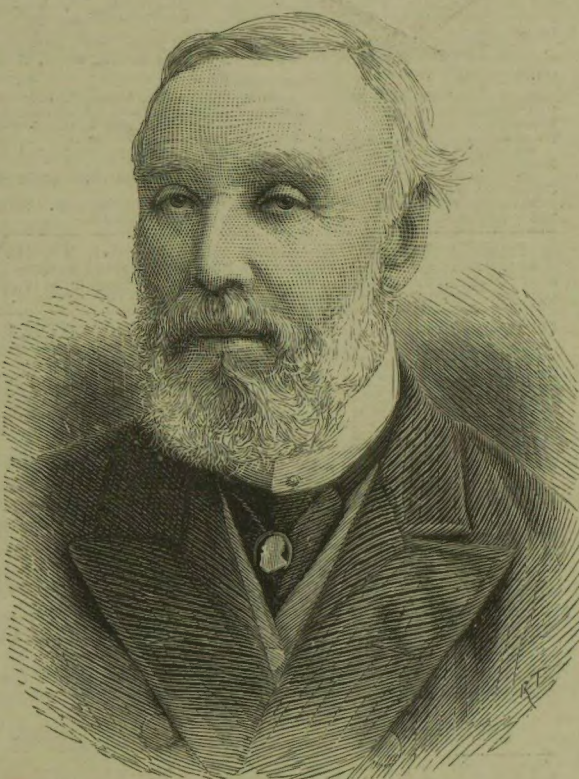
Knight Commanders of the said Most Distinguished Order:—Sir Samuel Davenport, Knight, Assistant Executive Commissioner for South Australia; Francis Knollys, Esq., C.B., for special services in connection with the Colonial and Indian Exhibition; Arthur N. Birch,



SIR SAUL SAMUEL, C.B., K.C.M.G.,
AGENT-GENERAL FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.



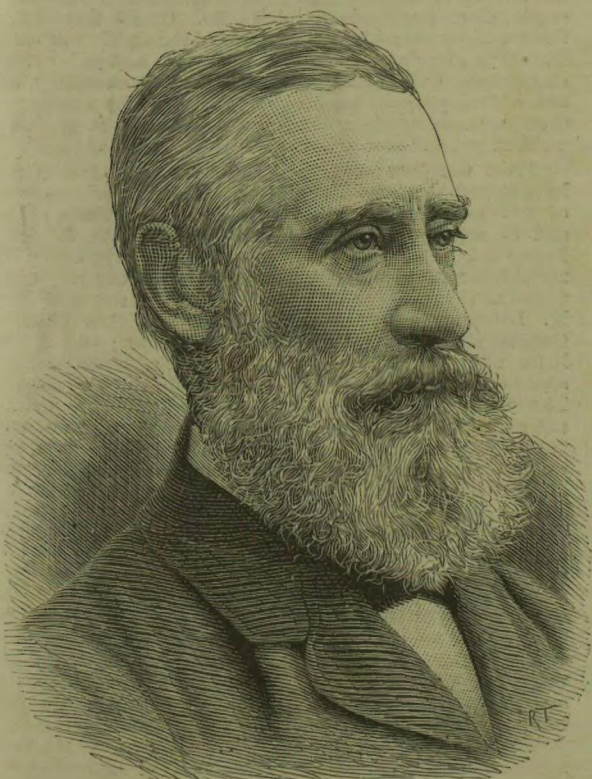
SIR CHARLES TUPPER, C.B., G.C.M.G.,
HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA.



SIR SAMUEL DAVENPORT, K.C.M.G.,
ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



SIR CHARLES MILLS, C.B., K.C.M.G.,
AGENT-GENERAL FOR THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

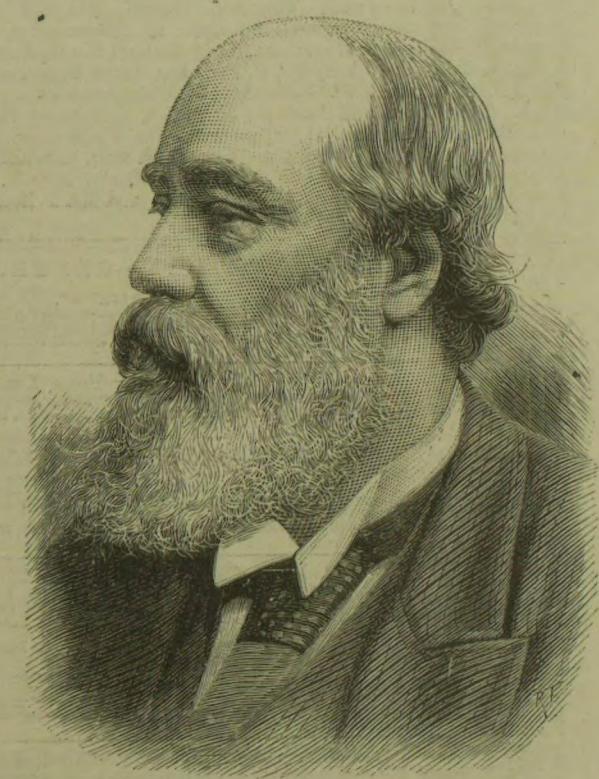


SIR GRAHAM BERRY, K.C.M.G.,
AGENT-GENERAL FOR VICTORIA.

Esq., C.M.G., formerly Lieutenant-Governor and Colonial Secretary of Ceylon, Executive Commissioner for that colony; Arthur Hodgson, Esq., C.M.G., a Royal Commissioner and General Secretary to the Reception Committee; John Francis Julius Von Haast, Esq., Ph.D., C.M.G., Commissioner in charge of New Zealand exhibits; Augustus John Adderley, Esq., C.M.G., late Member of the Legislative Council of the Bahama Islands, a Royal Commissioner, also Executive Commissioner for the West Indian Islands; James Francis Garrick, Esq., C.M.G., a Member of the Executive Council of Queensland, Agent-General for the Colony in London, and a Royal Commissioner, also Executive Commissioner for the Colony; Graham Berry, Esq., formerly Premier of Victoria, Agent-General in London, and Executive Commissioner for the Colony.

Companions of the said Most Distinguished Order:—Sir James Marshall, Knight, Executive Commissioner for the West African Colonies; Hector Fabre, Esq., late Senator of the Dominion of Canada, Honorary Commissioner for the Dominion; Joseph Bosisto, Esq., Member of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, President of the Victorian Commission; Alfred Richard Cecil Selwyn, Esq., LL.D., Director of the Canadian Geological and Natural History Survey, and Assistant to the Canadian Commissioners; George Hammond Hawtayne, Esq., Administrator-General of British Guiana, Executive Commissioner for that Colony; Henry Ernest Wodehouse, Esq., Special Commissioner for Hong-Kong; Henry John Jourdain, Esq., Honorary Commissioner for the Mauritius; Edward Cunliffe-Owen, Esq., Assistant-Secretary to the Royal Commissioners; Arthur James Rickens Trendell, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, assistant in Catalogue Department and compiler of the Handbook.

The Queen has been pleased to approve the following appointments to the Order of the Indian Empire, for services in connection with the Colonial and Indian Exhibition:—Dr. George Watt, Dr. J. W. Tyler, Colonel A. Le Messurier, R.E., Major R. Nevill, Mr. M. M. Bhowmuggree, and Mr. J. R. Royle.



SIR ARTHUR BLYTH, C.B., K.C.M.G.,
AGENT-GENERAL FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

MUSIC.

The close of the Royal Italian Opera season (already recorded by us) has left the usual comparative lull in London music, activity in which will be earliest resumed by the reopening of Covent-Garden Theatre on August 14, for Promenade Concerts, again under the lesseeship of Mr. W. F. Thomas, and the conductorship of Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe.

The Royal College of Music gave an orchestral concert in the west theatre of the Royal Albert Hall on Thursday week, when the progress of the students was manifested in the several branches of performance and composition. A manuscript concerto for pianoforte (with orchestra) by Charles Wood, contains some meritorious writing, and gives promise of better results to follow. It was well played by Mr. Barton. An "O Salutaris," for chorus and string orchestra, by Annie C. Fry, although not possessing any originality, is creditable as the production of a young pupil. Miss Dymond displayed special merit in her execution of Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillant," for pianoforte (with orchestra); Miss Drew sang Sir Arthur Sullivan's song "Orpheus with his Lute," with nice feeling, and Mr. D. Price gave Mozart's aria "Ha gia vinta la causa" with vigour. Sir Sterndale Bennett's overture "The Naiades," and Schumann's Fourth Symphony were effectively played by a full orchestra, conducted by Dr. C. V. Stanford.

The series of repeated performances of Wagner's "Parsifal" and "Tristan und Isolde," at Bayreuth, began yesterday (Friday) week with the first named "opera-drama." Local report speaks highly of the opening representations.

Two important provincial festivals will take place this autumn—that at Gloucester, beginning on Sept. 7, and that at Leeds, commencing Oct. 13. The arrangements for the former occasion include the production of a new oratorio, "The Good Shepherd," composed by Mr. W. S. Rockstro; a new cantata, by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, entitled "Andromeda"; and a new orchestral "Suite Moderne," by Dr. C. Hubert Parry. The solo vocalists engaged are Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Winch, Mr. Sant'ey, and Mr. W. Mills.

The Leeds Festival takes place under the patronage of her Majesty, Sir A. Sullivan being the conductor. The principal vocalists engaged are Madame Albani, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss A. Williams, Madame Patey, Miss Damian, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. I. McKay, Mr. Santley, Mr. F. King, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Watkin Mills. The programme includes Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and "Elijah," Handel's "Israel in Egypt," Bach's Mass in B minor, a new oratorio by Dvorak, "Ludmila"; a new cantata, "The Story of Sayed," by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie; a new ballad for chorus and orchestra, written for the festival by Dr. C. V. Stanford; a concert overture by Mr. F. K. Hattersly, and a cantata by Sir A. Sullivan, also written for the festival, entitled "The Golden Legend." On Saturday the first drawing for choice of seats by guarantors took place. The Mayor (Alderman Gaunt) presided. The honorary secretary (Alderman Frederick Spark) stated that 937 serial tickets at five guineas each had been purchased by guarantors. This showed an increase of 324 upon the festival of 1880, and of fifty upon the festival of 1883. There were now 494 guarantors, who had guaranteed £20,490. In addition to this there was a reserve fund of £1100. The prospects of the festival are stated to be exceedingly good.

Mr. Augustus Harris has engaged Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Russell to give a matinee at Drury-Lane Theatre to-day.

Miss Jennie Young, well known as a graceful and effective lecturer, repeated her concert-lecture on Longfellow last Thursday, at Prince's Hall, to a deeply-interested audience.

The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have appointed a committee, consisting of Sir F. Leighton (chairman), Mr. Poynter, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Carl Haag, and Mr. Henry Wallis, named by the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; Sir J. D. Linton and Mr. F. Dillon, by the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours; together with Mr. Sidney Colvin, of the British Museum, and Mr. Armstrong, of the Science and Art Department, to consider the question of the action of light on paintings in water colours. Captain Abney and Dr. Russell, who have for some time past been making a scientific investigation of the action of light on the various pigments used in painting, will inform the committee of artists of the method and nature of their inquiry.

On the opening day of the Goodwood Meeting, last Tuesday, Lord Lurgan won the Craven Stakes with Polemic, Prince Soltykoff the Visitors' Plate with Wise Child, Mr. Manton the Ham Stakes with Timothy, Captain Macell the Stewards' Cup with Crafton, the Duke of Westminster the Gratwick Stakes with Whitefriar, Lord Zetland the Richmond Stakes with Panzerschiff, Mr. P. Reck the March Stakes with Forbidden Fruit, and Mr. G. Lambert the Halknaker Stakes with Nora. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters, were among those present.—On Wednesday, Mr. Childwick's Saraband won the Chesterfield Cup, How's That being second, and Gonfalon third. Previously, Mr. H. T. Fenwick's Southill won the Findon Stakes, and Mr. D. Baird's St. Michael the Drawing-Room Stakes.

AUGUST.—BANK HOLIDAY.—GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
Extension of time for Return Tickets for distances over ten miles, also the Cheap Star up to Monday Tickets issued to or from London, &c., and the Seaside, &c., on Saturday, July 31, will be available for Return on any day up to and including Wednesday, Aug. 4.

PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION.—From London
Bridge 11.15 a.m. and 8 p.m., Victoria 11.5 a.m. and 7.50 p.m., Saturday, July 31.
Returning from Paris on any day up to Aug. 13 inclusive. Fares: First Class, 35s.; Second Class, 25s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, Saturday, July 31, from Victoria 8.25 a.m. and 2.30 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 8.10 a.m. and 1.50 p.m., calling at New Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 8.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m., calling at New Cross and East Croydon.
Returning Tuesday, Aug. 3, by any Train after 6 p.m. Fare: Second Class, 7s. 6d.; Third Class, 5s.

PORTSMOUTH.—FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS, Saturday, July 31, from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 12.45 p.m.; from London Bridge 2.50 p.m., calling at New Cross and East Croydon. Returning the following Tuesday, Fare: 7s. 6d. and 5s.
Through Tickets at Cheap Fares are also issued by these Trains to all Stations on the Isle of Wight, and Ryde and Newport, and Cowes Railways.

BANK HOLIDAY, AUG. 2.—CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS
from London to Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Havant, Portsmouth, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS DIRECT
to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Clapham Junction, &c., as required by the Traffic.

BRIGHTON RACES, AUG. 3, 4, and 5. LEWES RACES, AUG. 6 and 7.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS from London Bridge and Victoria.
Cheap Day Return Tickets from Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and intermediate stations, also from Portsmouth, Chichester, Horsham, &c., to Brighton Races only. Frequent extra Trains from Brighton to Lewes Races.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time Book, to be obtained
at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Office, 28, Regent-circuit, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circuit Office. (By order.)

BIRTH.

On the 21st inst., at Penrhyn, Westgate-on-Sea, the wife of Carleton Blyth, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 16th ult., at Montego Bay, Jamaica, honoured and deeply regretted, Samah Guedella Cornaldi, Esq., Senior Resident Justice of the Peace of the parish of St. James, in that island, aged 76 years. (In a notice previously given, the first name was wrongly spelt Tamah.)

On the 27th ult., at The Grove, Swanage, Dorset, Thomas Dacwra, in the 70th year of his age. In ever loving remembrance.—M. A. F.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JULY 31, 1886.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Two-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Alexandria, Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Four-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three halfpence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

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VOL. 88, ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
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READING-CASES 2s. 6d.

198, Strand.

JEPHTHA'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return," 2. "On the Mountains," 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeus at Crotone," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,
completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

THE BLENHEIM GALLERY.—ORDER OF SALE.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and WOODS respectfully
give Notice that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their Great Rooms, King-street, St. James's-square, by order of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, the BLENHEIM GALLERY of PICTURES by Old Masters, and the collection of Oriental Porcelain, in the following order:—

On SATURDAY, JULY 31.—Paintings of the French, English, and Spanish Schools, also numerous interesting Portraits by Van Dyck, Dolson, Honthorst, Holbein, Myndeloff, Mytens, P. de la Cruz, Van Somer, T. Gainsborough, R.A., and Sir J. R. Vandyke, P.R.A.

On TUESDAY, AUG. 3, and following day.—Old Japan, old Nankin blue and white and Chinese Enamelled Porcelain, old Chelsea, Bristol, Derby, Worcester, and Sevres Porcelain.

On SATURDAY, AUG. 7.—Paintings of the Italian School, including the Madonna Colle Scelle, the renowned work of Carlo Dolci, and examples of Albano, Bassano, Bonifazio, Campidoglio, Carracci, Correggio, L. G. d'Adda, Guido, C. Maratti, Mola, Pannini, Ricci, Tintoretto, Titian, Vasari, P. Veronese, and others.

On MONDAY, AUG. 9.—Old Japan, old Nankin blue and white and Chinese Enamelled Porcelain, Faience Ware, &c.

On TUESDAY, AUG. 10.—The Cabinet of Miniatures and Portraits in Enamel, Carvings in Ivory, &c.

Each portion may be publicly viewed two days preceding the Sale. Catalogues may now be had, price 1s. each; or 1s. 3d. by post, on application.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY
IRVING.—188th Night. Miss ELLEN TERRY'S ANNUAL BENEFIT, THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, JULY 31, at Eight, FAUST, and Last Night of Performance until Sept. 11, when the Theatre will re-open with FAUST.—LYCEUM.

THE PRINCE'S.—MR. DION BOUCICAULT,
TO-NIGHT, at Eight.—Mr. EDGAR BRUCE is pleased to announce the reappearance in London (after four years' absence) of Mr. Dion Boucicault at this Theatre in a new modern Five-Act Comedy, by the author of "London Assurance," entitled "THE JILT," performed by Mr. John Billington, Mr. J. G. Graham, Mr. Lettice, Mr. Frank Rodney, Mr. E. W. Gardner, and Mr. J. G. Taylor; Miss Mary Holm, Miss Webster, Mrs. M. Barker, and Miss Thorndyke. Doors open 7.45. THE JILT at Eight. Carriages, Eleven. Box-office open daily, Eleven to Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
The coolest and best ventilated Place of Amusement in London.
TWENTY-FIRST YEAR IN O E C TINUOUS SEASON OF THE
WORLD-FAMED

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DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY,

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Tickets and Places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees of any description.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances; at 7.30 for the Evening Performance.

BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, AUG. 2, THE

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS

will give an EXTRA GRAND DAY PERFORMANCE at the
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

ON MONDAY, AFTERNOON, AUG. 2, at THREE.

ENTIRELY NEW AND MOST ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME.

Important additions to the already powerful Company.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—AUGUST BANK

HOLIDAY.—SEASIDE.—AN IMPROVED SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is

now running to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clifton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze,

Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstant, and Cromer.

TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY TO TUESDAY

TICKETS issued by the Train.

On SATURDAY, JULY 31, ADDITIONAL FAST TRAINS will be run from

Liverpool-street to Yarmouth.

London, July, 1886. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.—CHEAP EXCURSIONS by

the GENERAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S STEAM-SHIPS, from

and to IRONGATE and ST. KATHARINE'S WHARF (near the Tower).

HAMBURG and BACK.—Leaving Thursday, July 29, at 10 a.m.; and Saturday,

July 31, at 11 a.m.; returning from Hamburg, Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 3 a.m., and

Thursday, Aug. 5, at 3 a.m. Return fares: Saloon, 42s. 6d.; Fore Cabin, 21s. 6d.

ANTWERP and BACK.—Leaving Wednesday, July 28, or Saturday, July 31, at

3 p.m. Returning from Antwerp, Monday, Aug. 2, at noon. Return fares: Saloon,

20s.; Fore Cabin, 16s. 6d.

OSTEND and BACK.—Leaving Saturday, July 31, at 12 n'ight. Returning from

Ostend, Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 3.30 p.m. Return fares: Saloon, 16s.; Fore Cabin, 12s. 6d.

BOULOGNE and BACK.—Leaving Friday, July 30, at 11 n'ight; and Saturday,

July 31, at 1 p.m. Returning from Boulogne, Monday, Aug. 2, at 10.30 p.m.; and

Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 12 n'ight. Return fares (including Boulogne passenger tax):

Saloon, 17s. 6d.; Fore Cabin, 13s. SPECIAL NOTICE.—These Tickets include free

admission to the Casino at Boulogne.

BORDEAUX and BACK.—Leaving Friday, July 30, at 12 o'clock noon. Return-

ing to London by same boat. Friday, Aug. 6, at 8 a.m. Return fares: Chief Cabin,

£3 10s.; Fore Cabin, £2 10s.

MARGATE and BACK.—The Eagle or other favourite steamer will leave London

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MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional

Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of

the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter

Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for

the renewal of the Theatre and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing

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with good Apartments, are numerous.

ART BOOKS.

If a few more books of the nature and calibre of M. Ernest Chesneau's *Education of the Artist* (Cassell and Co.) were to be written and carefully read, it is possible we should hear less of the decay of contemporary art on the one hand, and less of the capiousness of critics on the other. This little handbook is, perhaps, a "counsel of perfection"; nevertheless, it deserves to be read by everyone who aspires to be "artistic." The artist will find that he must cultivate his feelings and his intelligence not less than his taste and his dexterity. He must learn to free himself from the various circle of ideas or conceptions with which his professional brethren too frequently surround themselves; and he must withstand the temptation of painting down to the level of his Philistine patron by raising the standard of popular taste. With M. Chesneau's earnest appeal for Government interference and stimulus, we are by no means able to sympathise. The results of our own efforts in this direction, under the guidance of the Science and Art Department, have been to produce art decorators in profusion, but neither artists nor a real artistic feeling among the people at large. With M. Chesneau's views of the duties of teachers of the fine arts, we are more in sympathy. They should, he holds, instruct their pupils to edify and charm the public. He protests against the attempt of artists to make their studies of the life around them "academic"; to hide behind some methodic, passionless, accurate work, the joys, the aspirations, and the anxieties of their lives. "Nymphs and Naiads! What do we care for them? They have nothing in common with the ideas of modern society; they are, in fact, no more than decent names for hardly decent things, and do not appeal to any of the nobler feelings of humanity." Mr. Chesneau then passes in rapid review the present position of historical, archaeological, and religious art in France; and one can only hope that, once again, he will apply his delicate powers of analysis and criticism to our English school. The relations of art and imagination, art and passion, and art and nature are discussed with reference to works of which the remembrance is fresh in many minds; and there is scarcely a page of this portion of the volume which should be passed over hurriedly. Readers of a more practical turn of mind will find in the chapters on decorative art some hints of which they may safely avail themselves, if only they will bear in mind the differences which exist between social and domestic life here and in France. All, however, whether they care for art for art's sake or for truth's sake, will endorse the author's protest against the intervention of machinery to produce a type of cheap luxury, a compound of falsehood and ostentation which is the gangrene of our civilisation. In conclusion, we ought to say a word in commendation of the manner in which Mrs. Clara Bell has acquitted herself of the work of translation. Her English is fluent, literal, and as clear and simple as M. Chesneau's French, and that is the highest praise his translator would desire to merit.

"Of the making of books is no end," has been well said, and evidence of this truth is daily before us. Few comparatively know how and by what laborious process the present method of book-making in its technical sense has been reached. M. Louisy's *Le Livre* (Paris, Firmin Didot) describes and depicts this lengthy evolution in an attractive manner, using as the basis of his bright and brief sketch the materials amassed by the late M. Paul Lacroix, better known as "le bibliophile Jacob." The early history of printing and writing is so obscure that M. Louisy devotes but short space to what, after all, can be only conjecture; he arrives speedily at the year 1125, in which we have perhaps the earliest authentic allusion to the use of a paper made from rags; although the most ancient document extant on such paper is probably the "Interrogatory of the Knights Templars" (1309), still preserved at Paris. Up to this time parchment had been commonly used, but its cost, enhanced by the exorbitant pretensions of *la basoche*, caused it to be discarded in favour of any substitute which did not fall into the legal confraternity. The ink of the twelfth century, we are told, was better, and has proved more durable, than that of the fifteenth and sixteenth, whilst some Egyptian manuscripts of a quite early date retain much of their original freshness. To the illuminations with which ancient manuscripts were decorated we owe not only landscape painting but the idea of illustrating our printed books, as well as that happy thought of elaborate title-pages which distinguished the rival presses of this country and the Continent. Bookbinding, withal, going back to Cicero's *Vigintiores librorum*, or the Egyptian papyrus, can boast of a noble antiquity, leather being probably used from the very first; but wood, ivory, and metal were at various times employed to cover missals, bibles, &c. Of all these arts and their various phases until the close of the eighteenth century, M. Louisy gives most delightful woodcuts; and in his chapters on printing, bookselling, bookbinding, and bookmaking, he has not a few pleasant anecdotes, illustrated by contemporary drawings. Altogether, "*Le Livre*" is doubly attractive, as a work of art and as a repository of useful knowledge.

From the days of Vasari, Italian art and Italian artists have exercised an irresistible attraction over a large number of writers in every civilised country. The names of Lanzi and Selvatico, Charles Blanc and Paul Mantz, Kügler and Passavant, Eastlake and Crowe, are few only out of their respective nations who have contributed to our acquaintance with the richest recruiting-ground of the museums of Europe. M. Lafenestre's *Peinture Italienne*, tome 1er. (Paris: A. Quantin), is the latest addition to our guides; and if he has little new to tell us, he gives, in an admirably clear and succinct form, the results of others' criticisms and researches. The volume forms one of the series published under the patronage of the Ministry of Fine Arts in Paris, and it furnishes a very admirable model of how handbooks of art for the use of students should be compiled. In the first volume M. Lafenestre traces the rise of Christian art in the fourth century out of the decay of Pagan art. The traditions handed down from Rome, strengthened by the influence of the Byzantine Court, developed at an early period the mosaic and miniature work, of which traces are still found in good preservation. It was not the Renaissance, M. Lafenestre asserts, which produced Italian art; but it was that art, the outcome of the struggle between the influence of Rome and Constantinople, which, under the title of Romanesque art, developed in the thirteenth century Italian art. Giotto and his contemporaries and immediate successors in Florence, Siena, and elsewhere, knew nothing beyond and cared for nothing else beside religious art. It was the struggle between their art and the new learning, between the idealists and the naturalists, under men like Vittore, Pisano, Masaccio, and Filippo Lippi which brought about the Renaissance. Of the progress of this movement in various parts of Italy during the fifteenth century, this first volume treats with careful appreciation; and the illustrations are, in execution and originality, worthy of the text.

A special committee of the Leeds Town Council, which was appointed to consider the desirability of providing a permanent art-gallery for the borough, have presented a report recommending that £8000 should be granted for that purpose.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It must be a great relief to any actor of the first class to break away from tragedy and to revel in the lighter and brighter fields of comedy. No one, certainly, enjoys the change more than Henry Irving. Put a battered old white hat on his head, a glass in his eye, and adorn him with a ragged tail-coat and a pair of patched unmentionables, and he kicks up his heels like a schoolboy out for a holiday. For he was not, in the old days, doomed to personate conscience-stricken murderers and fate-haunted criminals. His stock-in-trade, when he was first steadily ascending the ladder of fame, contained many a quaint and facetious figure. Long before he developed that strong and lasting power that resulted in Hamlet, Shylock, Macbeth, and Richard—long before he petted his curious idiosyncrasy with wretched Eugene Aram and miserable Mathias, it was as an eccentric comedian that he was known and valued. The reckless, loafing, down-at-heels spendthrift, Bob Gassitt; the parched and prim, unscrupulous Mr. Chevenix; the irritable, polished, and superlatively mean Digby Grant; the flaunting, impudent, flashy, and admirably eccentric Robert Macaire—these were the characters, with our old friend Alfred Jingle thrown in, that were always identified with the peculiar genius of Irving. And he likes to get back to them. He takes up the comical stick that he has devoted to Robert Macaire, and swings it round exultingly. He is seldom so happy as when, the other night, he died in a disordered frenzy as Mathias, in "The Bells," and ten minutes afterwards was skipping about the stage as a very old stage friend indeed—one Jeremy Diddler—in a quaint old farce, "Raising the Wind." The occasion was the benefit performance for the Actors' Benevolent Fund, an institution started to systematise dramatic charity, and to prevent a curse of the profession—stage-door begging. The Fund, though but a young plant at present, is growing and sprouting apace; and the Lyceum company, with the aid of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, were able, by one night's hard work, to add seven hundred pounds of honest capital to the institution. It goes without saying that "The Bells" was admirably played, to an enthusiastic and appreciative audience. Strange to say, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who has a forty-years' constant experience of the stage, and is well known as a sound and discriminating critic, had never before seen Irving in "The Bells"; so the actor was on his mettle, and he was playing to one of the most brilliant audiences of the season—and that is saying something, when we remember that "Faust" has been emphatically the play of the year. I must own, however, that I rubbed my eyes with astonishment when I looked at the playbill and found the farce "Raising the Wind" ascribed to my old friend Charles Lamb Kenney, critic and dramatist, who but a few years ago was "released from his labours." Charles Lamb Kenney, conversationalist and wit, did an immense amount of work, but he was not writing farces in 1803 for "Gentleman Lewis." But his father, James Kenney, was guilty of this amusing bit of folly. He wrote several plays, but none so good as this; and he was known as "Raising-the-Wind" Kenney, just as the father of the author of "Box and Cox" was called "Speed-the-Plough" Morton. Jeremy Diddler is the Alfred Jingle of another generation. He is an amusing scoundrel who tries to hoodwink the innkeepers, establishes a friendship with waiters, bamboozles the rich gentlemen who travel post from town, flirts with elderly spinsters, and clopes with fascinating school-girls. A large appetite is one of the comic features of old-fashioned farce. To see a man eat heartily on the stage is to delight pit and gallery alike. How the house roared with laughter when Jeremy Diddler swallowed half a dozen eggs and huge hunks of bread and butter, casting the fragments that remained into his capacious hat! But what was this merriment then to the roars that followed when Jeremy took off the hat turned into a bread-basket and cast the contents upon the stage! This jest never fails. It is as endurable as the red-hot poker trick, or the safe effect produced by the comic man who sits down on a lady's bonnet-box. There is more than a suggestion of the Charles Mathews style in Irving's Jeremy Diddler. This is the light comedian he evidently best remembers. As a boy, he studied him; as a man, he appreciated him. Miss Ellen Terry good-naturedly played the small part of sentimental Polly, and the audience was delighted to see her in such capital spirits. She kept up the fun of the old play by her incomparable vivacity; and there were happily no signs of the tired voice and the overworked frame that have recently caused so much apprehension.

The London playgoer can ill afford to lose so popular an actor or so enthusiastic a manager as Mr. Wilson Barrett. But America has summoned him across the Atlantic, and to America he must go. Picturesque melodrama and romantic drama will lose for the moment their constant friend, for Claudian betakes himself with his company, his scenery, his dresses, and his beautiful *mise en scène* to the country that appreciates everything that is good, and is ever on the look-out for talent. Mr. Wilson Barrett has spoken his farewell words, and bidden good-bye to London. Baskets of flowers, pillows containing wreaths, such sensible practical presents as dressing-bags and travelling-gear, have been placed respectfully at his feet from constant and devoted friends, and a more affectionate tribute of esteem could scarcely have been presented to an actor. Mr. Wilson Barrett will unquestionably interest America, no matter what parts he plays. I could have wished that chance would have allowed him to play Mercurio, and the Monk in "Juanna"; yes, and Wilfred Denver in "The Silver King"; for Mr. Barrett is, before all things, a modern melodramatic actor. But he will play Claudian, and the love-truck young sculptor in "Clito," and the passionate boy in "Chatterton," and the kind old clergyman in "A Clerical Error," so that he will have ample chance and scope for showing his variety, to say nothing of Hamlet—the one character that every actor plays, and that ever secures its enthusiastic admirers, no matter what actor plays it—the one part that must interest, and necessarily must create controversy. The American ideal Hamlet is supposed to be Edwin Booth, but that did not prevent intellectual America from studying the Hamlet of Henry Irving; and the possession of a dozen Edwin Booths would not deny a hearing to Wilson Barrett, who has another idea of this most extraordinary character. Mr. Barrett's Hamlet will be freely criticised; and all the better for Wilson Barrett. To expect that any actor could play "Hamlet" in any country in the world, and expect to please everybody, is to travel into the regions of the impossible.

When Mr. Boucicault has produced "The Jilt," on Thursday (too late for notice this week), and Mr. Augustus Harris has introduced Mr. and Mrs. E. Russell with a novel entertainment, and Mr. Willie Edouin, with Miss Alice Atherton, have gathered "Blackberries" at the Comedy, and the Vaughan-Conway Comedy Company has been launched at the Haymarket, and we have bidden farewell to Mr. Daly's company—excellent artists one and all—and we have flung our flowers at the feet of Ellen Terry on the occasion of her benefit, and the last night of the Lyceum season, I wonder whether the managers of this busy London will allow the weary and jaded dramatic critics to pack up, go away, forget the footlights, breathe the fresh air, and take what they so much long for—a holiday! C. S.

THE COURT.

The Queen left Osborne and embarked at Cowes yesterday week on the Victoria and Albert to witness the naval review to which our Colonial and Indian visitors had been invited. With her Majesty were Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Empress Eugénie, and other distinguished personages. The Queen also afforded facilities to most of the servants and the tenants at Osborne to witness the manoeuvres. Some account of the review is given in another column. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience directly afterwards, on Saturday, and he had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated. On Monday morning the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Margaret, Prince Arthur, and Princess Victoria of Connaught, arrived at Cowes in her Majesty's yacht Osborne (Captain Fawkes), and on landing drove to Osborne, where they were received by the Queen. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards proceeded to Kent House, where they are going to reside. Prince Frederick Augustus, Duke of Saxony, nephew of the King of Saxony, visited the Queen. On Tuesday morning the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, visited the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

The Queen will arrive at Edinburgh early on Aug. 18, will visit the Industrial Exhibition in the afternoon, and will leave Holyrood for Balmoral the next night.

An aristocratic fête was held at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition on Thursday night last week. It was given by ex-Viceroy and Secretaries of State for India to about 3000 ladies and gentlemen who accepted the invitation to meet the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness, accompanied by Princess Louise, arrived shortly after eleven o'clock, and made the tour of the Indian galleries, after which they supped in the Durbar Hall with the Duke of Devonshire. The guests congregated in the gardens, where the band of the Grenadiers performed, and in the South Gallery, where the string band of the Royal Marines performed. The fête lasted till nearly three o'clock. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princess Louise, dined with the Earl and Countess Cadogan at Chelsea House on Friday evening. Prince Charles of Denmark left Marlborough House to rejoin his ship at Leith. Last Saturday the Comtesse de Paris and the Duchesse de Chartres, with Princesses Hélène and Marguerite d'Orléans, visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by their daughters, visited the camp at Wimbledon, where her Royal Highness presented the prizes of the National Rifle Association to the successful competitors. In the evening they went to the Lyceum to Mr. H. Irving's performance in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. The Prince honoured Mr. Van der Weyde on Monday morning with a final sitting at Marlborough House, to complete a portrait of his Royal Highness, which will be published in the "photo-gravure" process. A special train left Victoria Station for Chichester, conveying the Prince and Princess, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, Prince and Princess Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge, who were travelling to Goodwood House, where they stayed during the race week.

On Sunday the Duchess of Cambridge entered on her ninetieth year. Early in the day congratulatory telegrams were received by the Duchess from the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and other members of the Royal family. The Duchess received about mid-day, at her residence in St. James's Palace, the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Princess Mary and the Duke of Teck and their children, and Captain and Mrs. FitzGeorge. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and the three Princesses, called to offer their congratulations, and stayed some time with the Duchess. Later, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) visited her Royal Highness. The Duchess also received congratulatory visits from many of the Corps Diplomatique and personal friends.

Yesterday week the Duke of Cambridge presented to the cadets at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich the commissions and prizes gained during the past term. Fifty-six out of the fifty-nine who went up for examination had passed for commissions. On Monday the Duke reviewed the Foot Guards in Hyde Park.

The *Gazette* announces that the Queen has ordered that the brothers and sisters of the present Viscount Melville, who has succeeded to his uncle, the latter dying without issue, shall have the same title and precedence as if their father, the Hon. and Rev. Charles Dundas, had survived the late Viscount, and had thereby succeeded to the title.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Right Hon. M. Grant Duff, C.I.E., Governor of Madras, to be an Extra Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India. Her Majesty has also approved of the following appointments to the Civil Division of the Order of the Bath:—To be a Knight Commander, Mr. Algernon E. West, C.B., Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. To be Companions, Colonel Donnelly, R.E., Secretary and Director Science and Art Department; Mr. A. Mitchell, M.D. member of the Board of Lunacy in Scotland; Mr. N. R. O'Connor, Secretary of Legation, Peking; Mr. C. H. B. Patey, Third Secretary General Post Office.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

The marriage of Mr. Henry Pelham Clinton, second son of Lord Charles Pelham Clinton, and Miss Mary Green-Wilkinson, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Green-Wilkinson, took place on the 21st inst. at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square. Lord Francis Pelham Clinton was best man to his cousin; and the ten bridesmaids were Miss Constance Green-Wilkinson, Miss Tennyson D'Eyncourt, Miss Ricketts, Miss Slade, Lady Florence Pelham Clinton, Miss Percy Anderson, Miss Grimston, Miss Mary Cuthbert, Miss Campbell, and Miss Schuster. The service was choral. The bride was given away by her father.

The marriage of Mr. Thomas Leigh Hare, of Stow Hall, Norfolk, and Lady Ida Cathcart, second daughter of Earl Cathcart, took place last Saturday afternoon, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Dundas (Scots Guards) as best man; and the bridesmaids were Ladies Marion, Emily, and Eva Cathcart, sisters, and Miss Kathlene Powlett, cousin of the bride. Earl Cathcart gave his daughter away.

The Exhibition of the works submitted for the National Art Competition by the schools of art throughout the kingdom was opened to the public on Monday. It is held in the iron building at the entrance to the South Kensington Museum, which until recently was used as the Patent Office Museum, and will remain open until the beginning of September. The free days are Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays. This year, about 420 works have been selected for exhibition, out of upwards of 324,000 works sent up from 227 schools of art and branch classes for the annual examination at South Kensington.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Where is one to go when one has put on a specimen of the travelling dresses that I described last week? Tastes differ so much that it is never safe to advise anybody on this topic without you are very well acquainted with her idiosyncrasies. My own ideal of a holiday spot is the one from which I write—a scene of restful beauty that I usually find I have all to myself, though it is within sixty miles of London. To-day I have been walking far over the downs. One ascends by gentle effort; for the slopes of these hillsides gain half their charm from their rounded outlines, curved as tenderly as a child's chubby cheek. Here, on the slope, there stretches a great expanse of corn; there, the mustard in flower sweetly scents the air, and draws the bees up the ascent; and further on, a field of tares and grasses is marked off in patches by hurdles, within the bounds of which large flocks of lambs are contentedly grazing. But most of the down is covered only with that fine springing turf, starred with tiny blossoms, that seems peculiar to the chalk hills, and that is so delightful to feet weary of city stones. In occasional hollows, there is a feast of colour from the profusion of wild flowers. The thyme covers the earth with its humble brown blossoms; the poppies that have strayed out of the neighbouring corn flaunt their inimitable petals; the wild marguerites, with their crowns of moon-rays on their hair of gold, look purely pale by contrast; and the sea-pink's ball of pale mauve bloom reaches to gigantic growth. Far away, like the mammoth waves of a petrified storm, the hills rise and fall. They are treeless, but cultivated; and the alternations of the tender green of the oats and the yellowing tints of the wheat, and the close brownish olive of the turf, and the white patches where the harrow has stirred the chalky soil, and the intervals where bushes of furze look almost black in the middle distance, prevent any impression of monotony.

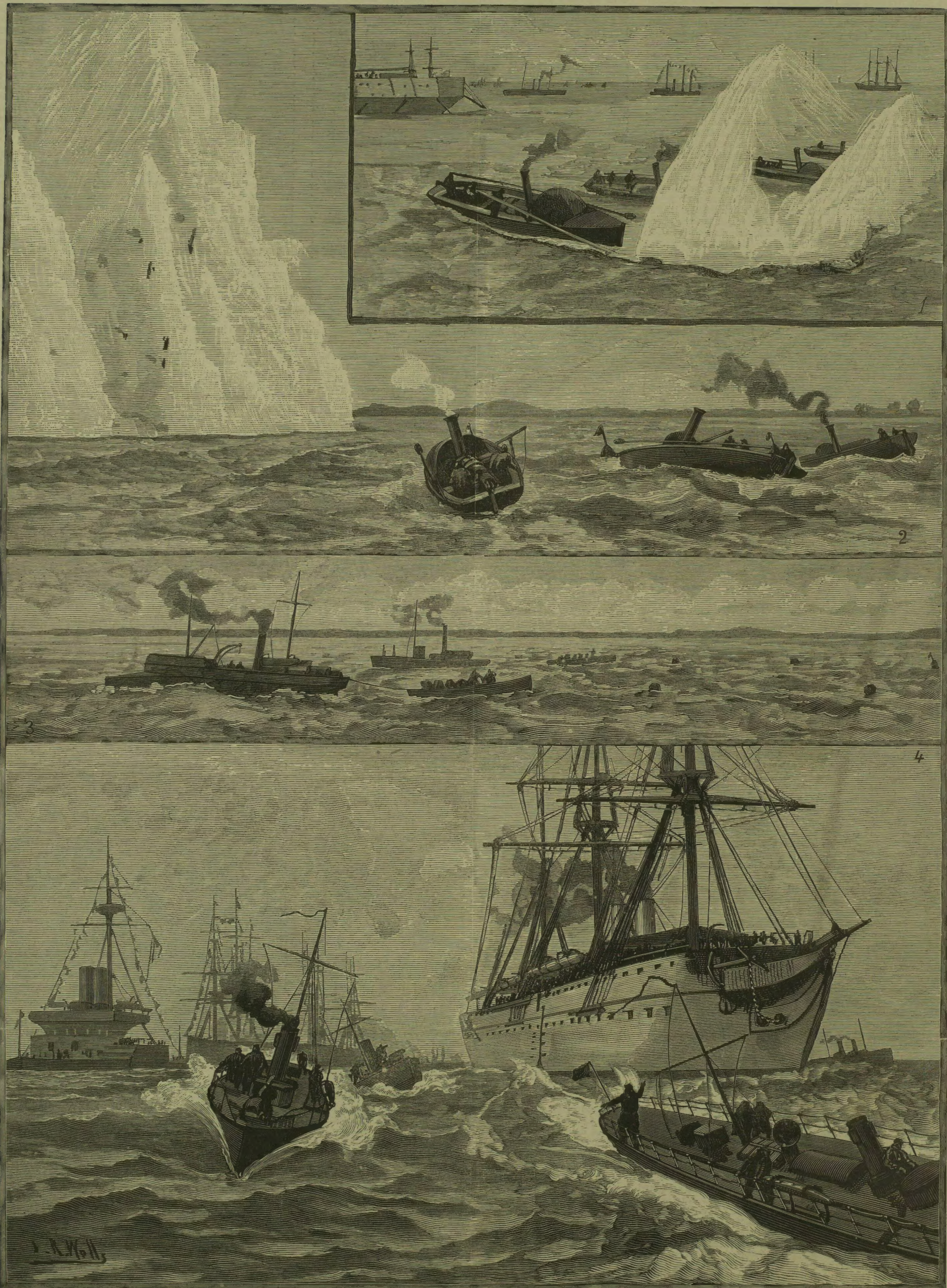
Then the cloud shadows, ever varying, sweep across the landscape, changing its aspect from moment to moment, and compelling you to look up to the clear blue sky flecked with its tiny white cloudlets, or sometimes stained with a great black shade, like an awful angel moving with open wings, or like some weird unearthly animal form. Below, on the one hand, there is the sea; in the hollow in front, a lonely shepherd, watching his sheep spread over the hill; on the other hand, a picturesque group, that seems more like an Italian picture than an English reality. A man with a red cap on is mowing; many, many feet as he is below me, each "swish" of the scythe is carried up through the still air to my ears. Beside him is a large heavy waggon, to which are yoked a couple of great black oxen; there stand the patient beasts, with their big necks fastened together by a heavy wooden yoke; there bends the stalwart man, with his red cap making a vivid, though tiny, blot of colour on the green background of the opposite hill; around is stirring the sweetest, freshest air that ever cleared city lungs of smoke.

An eminent lady of my acquaintance has discovered a new and original grievance for women. She declares that the turnstiles of public exhibitions—such as the South Kensington ones—are made without due regard to the convenience of the ladies who have to use them. A man passes them in safety; his legs are long, and his form is as it has pleased Nature to design it, and so he stalks through the gate easily. But then comes a woman—a little dumpy, a trifle stout, and burdened, under the edicts of fashion, with what dressmakers sarcastically call "an improver." The *nip* of getting through the turnstile to such a one is not a matter of scornful jeering, if you please; it is serious to the victims. Some women must be short and stout, you know, on Mrs. Poyser's principle that "it takes some of all sorts to make up a world"; so, in charity to them, turnstiles should be erected either much lower or much higher, and larger in the girth.

Everybody who has passed a delightful period of time over one of Mr. James Payn's novels—and who is there that ever does read novels who is not on that list!—will be interested to hear of the marriage of his daughter, which has just taken place. The bride wore an ideal wedding-gown, of a dead white soft silk, with long train looped over a petticoat of fine white lace by bouquets of myrtle and white heather, the flowers emblematic of the bridal and of "good luck"; and she also wore a veil of tulle, fastened on with pearl and diamond pins. Two sweet little boys in page's costumes of brown plush and pale blue silk carried the bride's train.

When the new Emigration Bureau is in working order, it is to be hoped that we shall have some reliable information on the subject of the openings that exist for our superfluous women in our colonies. The most diverse statements are now made on this point. On the one hand, it is a statistical fact that at the Census of 1881 there were 948,000 more women than men in the United Kingdom, while there were 231,000 more men than women at the same date in Australasia. It might reasonably be inferred that there is room in those colonies for a large number of our excess of females; that, if these were to emigrate, a great many could marry as soon as they pleased after their arrival, and that others would find ample employment in various feminine occupations. This impression seems confirmed by the latest news from the domestic circles of Sydney. It is that the young ladies of the kitchen are organising a trades union, with the expressed intention of agitating for an eight hours' day. How is that for splendid independence? Doesn't it seem as if servants must be scarce? But then, on the other hand, a letter from an Australian appears in one of the London papers this week, in which he declares that the work expected from servants in ordinary households in Australia is hard, even for experienced domestics, the accommodation rough, and the wages not large in proportion to the cost of clothing and the like. He tells a pathetic story of a woman who was once cook at Lord R. Montagu's house, but who went to Melbourne "to better herself," and was so disgusted at the coarseness and hardship of the only places she could get that she became home-sick, and eventually drowned herself. As to the prospect of marriage—and in this woman-crowded country the difficulty of finding husband and home is a painful feature in the prospect of hundreds of nice girls—the writer states that the common supposition on this point is a pure delusion; that Australia already contains a large number of single women who have no prospect of marriage. Similarly, Mrs. Steadman Aldis, wife of Professor Aldis, writes from New Zealand—"I have been unable to discover that Auckland offers a single advantage to women having to support themselves; there is nothing at all for them to gain by coming here, and while there are so many unmarried girls in the place, the supposed need for the introduction of others must be unreal." It would be desirable to have this discrepancy of testimony cleared up. It may be that only working women are wanted, and that the surplus single women spoken of by the authorities quoted above are of a more educated and refined class. The better sort of English servants would naturally be shocked at having to do all the coarse drudgery which they here shift on the charwoman; yet scarcity of unskilled labour forces drudgery on the skilled. Perhaps the new Bureau will shortly afford us some information on the subject.

F. F. M.



1. Steam-pinnaces exploding outrigger torpedoes.

2. Exploding submarine mines.

3. The Bloodhound and Vesuvius laying lines of counter-mines.

4. The Orontes returning to Portsmouth.



ORPHANS.

NAVAL MANŒUVRES AT PORTSMOUTH.

The Colonial and Indian visitors to England, connected with the Exhibition of this year, were entertained yesterday week (Friday) at Portsmouth, by the officers of the Royal Navy and the Royal Marines; and, with the aid of the Admiralty, lending some of her Majesty's ships and torpedo-boats, and supplying needful material, there was an effective display of manœuvres of maritime warfare. The visitors, numbering above six hundred ladies and gentlemen, went down from London by two special trains, leaving Victoria Station at nine in the morning. The weather was, unfortunately, not in their favour; it rained much during great part of the day. A deplorable accident occurred to some of them in passing through Portsmouth Dockyard, from the south railway jetty to the repairing-basin, on a train of trucks drawn by a locomotive running over the rails laid down there. One truck was upset, and another ran off the rails, in going round a sharp curve. Several of the visitors—Sir William Dobson (Chief Justice of Tasmania), Lady Dobson, Miss Nugent, and Mr. Sewell, of Jamaica, whose arm was broken—suffered rather serious injuries, and others were severely shaken.

The visitors had an opportunity of inspecting the dockyard, the work-shops, the building-yards, and the repairing-basin, and of going on board the Edinburgh, the Howe, the Camperdown, the Collingwood, the Inflexible, the Cyclops, the Sultan, the Warrior, and the Impérieuse, and seeing how their guns are worked. Others preferred going on board Nelson's Trafalgar ship Victory, in Portsmouth harbour. They assembled for luncheon, at half-past one, on board H.M.S. Euphrates, troop-ship, where they were handsomely regaled. After luncheon they embarked in the Orontes, another troop-ship, to go down the Solent, and view the naval manœuvres in Stokes Bay. The Orontes, commanded by Captain Theobald, with a platform erected on deck for the accommodation of the spectators, and with a band of the Royal Marines playing, was preceded by the yacht Fire Queen, carrying Admiral Sir George Wiles; and was followed by the Admiralty yacht Enchantress, with the Marquis of Ripon and other officials of the Admiralty, and by H.M.S. Sprightly and other vessels. They passed along the line of ships of war which lay at anchor between Gillkicker Point and Stokes Bay; the Valorous, the Hecla, and the following ships of the Reserve Squadron—Rupert, Belleisle, Ajax, Hotspur, Devastation, Northampton, Shannon, and Hercules. Half a mile beyond the Hercules lay her Majesty's ship Colossus. Shortly after leaving the Hercules in her rear, the Orontes met the Royal yacht, the Alberta, followed by the Victoria and Albert, dressed with masthead and rainbow flags. The Alberta was flying the Royal standard at her main and the Union Jack at the mizen. These indications that her Majesty was on board evoked long and prolonged cheers from the decks of the Orontes, which then dropped anchor on the port beam of the Colossus. From the Fire Queen, by order of the Admiral, were to be given the signals for the operations.

The double-turret ship Colossus, which formed the object of the torpedo attack, was entirely surrounded by crinoline wire net booms, projecting thirty feet from the ship. At a given signal, the first-class torpedo-boats, ten in number, which had crept up towards the Colossus, steamed at great speed to within a short distance, and sought to approach still nearer, in order to launch the torpedoes against her broadside. Being perceived, however, a terrific fire was opened on them by the rapid-firing and machine-guns of the ship, two of the Gardner's being mounted in the tops. The next experiment was intended to represent the method of exploding ground mines by means of circuit closers; the bumping of an enemy's ship, represented by two steam-pinnaces, serving to complete the electric current and to perpetrate their self-destruction. The visitors were further gratified by an exhibition of the method of clearing an enemy's harbour by dropping counter-mines among the submarine mines and simultaneously exploding them. To illustrate this the Bloodhound and the Vesuvius, towing barges carrying the counter-mining apparatus, steamed along a given track spaced 100 yards apart, and sunk the strings of the mines. These mines, which were supposed to have a radial effect of 100 yards, were then exploded. The final experiment was, in some respects, the prettiest of the day. Eight steam-pinnaces, each carrying a brace of outrigger or spar torpedoes, advanced from the westward in line ahead, and on arriving on the port beam of the Orontes formed up in line abreast. They then approached at full speed, and, within a short distance, spars were run out, and the charges dipped and exploded in supposed contact with a hostile fleet. The operations were thus brought to a close, and the Orontes at once proceeded into harbour.

The state apartments at Windsor Castle are open to the public under the usual regulations.

The first portion of Mr. Sala's autobiography, about to be published, will describe his boyhood, 1828-35, and will then give an account of the ten years 1835 to 1845, and will contain reminiscences of Bellini, Grisi, Paganini, Lablache, Braham, Tom Moore, Theodore Hook, Dickens, Thackeray, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Mrs. Norton, the "mad" Marquis of Waterford, Countess Waldegrave, the Duke of Brunswick, Harriett Duchess of St. Albans, Count D'Orsay, Napoleon III., Mark Lemon, Buckstone, Webster, Madame Vestris, Charles Mathews, Dejazet, and others. The book will be published by Mr. Bentley. Mr. Sala's account of his recent Australian experiences will appear before the autobiography.

The Prince of Wales has sent a letter to the London School Board, proposing that special facilities to allow children attending the elementary schools with their parents and guardians be offered to enable them to visit the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and asking the Board to aid by making arrangements for the supply at all the Board Schools of vouchers which will enable the holder to obtain tickets for the journey and admission at reduced fares at any railway station.—At a conference of representative working men, held at Anderton's Hotel, to consider the Prince of Wales's scheme for enabling the working classes of the metropolis to visit the Exhibition at a small cost, much satisfaction was expressed with the proposal, and a committee was appointed to prepare the necessary organisation.

The forty-third annual congress of the British Archaeological Association opened at Darlington on Monday, under the presidency of the Bishop of Durham. The members were publicly received by the Mayor and Corporation, and afterwards the Bishop gave his opening address in the rooms of the Free Library, which have been placed at the disposal of the council of the society. The programme of the week includes Raby Castle, Eggleston Abbey, Gainford, Staindrop, Castle Barnard, Escombe church (for its Saxon work), Easby Abbey, Vinovia (the modern Binchester, for its Roman remains), Richmond Castle and churches, Brough House, Sockburn ruined church, Dimsdale church and Manor House, Bolton Castle, Coversham, the Abbey, Middleham Castle, Jervaulx Abbey, and Bishop Auckland, where the latter sittings of the congress will be held. The proceedings close with an excursion of two days to the Roman Wall at Hexham.

CHESS.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

Pressure on our space last week prevented us producing the very interesting game played on the 14th inst. between Messrs. Mortimer and Gunsberg, to which, however, we directed the attention of our readers. In this *partie* Mr. Mortimer is ingenious, as usual; but the younger master displays all the solidity of Steinitz and the brilliancy of Blackburne:—

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. R to K 2nd	Kt to Q 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	17. Q to R 4th	P to K 5th
3. P takes Q P	P takes P	18. Kt to K sq	P to B 6th
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Q takes P	19. Q R to B 2nd	P takes P
5. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Q R 4th	20. R takes Kt P	P to Kt 6th
6. P to Q 4th	B to Q 3rd	21. P takes P	B to R 6th
7. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	22. Q to B 2nd	B takes R
8. B to Q 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	23. B to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
9. Castles	Q to R 4th	24. K takes B	R takes P (ch)
10. Kt to K 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	25. K takes R	R to Kt sq (ch)
11. Kt takes B (ch)	P takes Kt	26. K to B 2nd	Q to R 7th (ch)
12. P to B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	27. Kt to Kt 2nd	Q takes Kt (ch)
13. Q to Kt 3rd	Castles (Q R)	28. K to K sq	R to K sq (ch),
14. Q R to K sq	B to K 3rd		and White resigned.
15. Q to Kt 5th	K R to Kt sq		

We must not omit here the "gem of the tournament," as the masters agree in describing the following remarkably brilliant game between Messrs. Gunsberg and Schallopp:—

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Castles	Q to R 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. B to B 2nd	P to K 5th
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	15. B takes Kt	P takes Kt
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	16. B to K 5th (ch)	Kt takes B
5. P to B 3rd	P to B 3rd	17. Q takes Kt (ch)	B to K 3rd
6. B to R 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd	18. Q to K 4th	K R to K sq
7. P to R 4th	P to K R 4th	19. K to R 4th	P takes P
8. B to K Kt 5th	Q to Kt 3rd	20. R to B sq	Q to Kt 3rd
9. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 4th	21. P to Q 4th	B to B 5th
10. P takes P	B to K Kt 5th	22. Kt to R 3rd	B to B 6th
11. P takes P	Castles	23. R to K sq	Q to K B 3rd,
12. P takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq		and White resigned.

because Black now threatens B to R 7th (ch), and Q takes R P, &c. As is usually the case in brilliant games, we find here that the loser contributed, in some degree, to his own defeat. The capture of the third pawn by Mr. Gunsberg on his 12th move was ill-judged, nevertheless nothing can detract from the merit and beauty of Herr Schallopp's combination, beginning with 19. P takes P.

The play on Wednesday (the 21st) was unexciting, not to say dull, when contrasted with previous sittings. The most notable event was Dr. Zukertort's escape from a bad game, in which his adversary was Herr Schallopp, turning it into a victory. The day's score was:—

Hanham 1 .. 0	Mortimer 0 .. 0	Burn 0 .. 0	Lipschutz .. 1
Schallopp 0 .. 0	Zukertort .. 1	Mason 1 .. 1	Gunsberg .. 1
Bird 1 .. 0	Pollock 0 .. 0	Mackenzie .. unf.	Mason .. unf.

Taubenhaus, a bye.

It has been suggested by several spectators of the matches in this tourney that the scores of Messrs. Bird and Mortimer have suffered from the rapidity of their play. On Thursday (22nd) these gentlemen began and ended a game of forty moves on each side in the space of an hour and a half. That is to say, supposing the ninety minutes are equally divided between the two, both played an important match game at the rate of a fraction over a minute a move. Captain Mackenzie contributed his share to the gross blunders of great players on this day by losing his Queen to Gunsberg. This day's score was:—

Mortimer 0 .. 0	Bird 1 .. 1	Gunsberg .. 1 .. 1	Mackenzie .. 0
Lipschutz .. 1 .. 1	Schallopp .. 0 .. 0	Taubenhaus .. 1 .. 1	Hanham .. 0
Zukertort .. 1 .. 1	Mason 2 .. 2	Pollock 0 .. 0	Burn .. 1

Blackburne, a bye.

The play on Friday (the 23rd) will be found to have largely influenced the final distribution of the prizes. Gunsberg, whose chances of the "top of sovereignty" were up to this day the best, was defeated by Blackburne, and Zukertort was obliged to strike his colours to Mackenzie. It must be conceded by everyone who has followed the several stages of this competition that Dr. Zukertort is out of form. Almost all his lost games have been brought to a conclusion by a lack of insight of the position unusual with him. In his game with Mackenzie on this day he secured an advantage in the opening, afterwards sacrificing his Queen for a Rook and Bishop with a strong attack. A hasty move, however, afforded Mackenzie the chance he had long waited for, and he forced a mate in a few moves thereafter. The remaining games presented few features of interest, save, perhaps, that between Mason and Lipschutz, the latter losing a clear piece on the seventeenth and resigning on the twentieth move. The day's score was:—

Mason 1 .. 0	Lipschutz .. 0 .. 0	Bird 0 .. 0	Taubenhaus .. 1
Burn 1 .. 0	Mortimer .. 0 .. 0	Mackenzie .. 1 .. 1	Zukertort .. 0
Blackburne .. 1 .. 1	Gunsberg .. 0 .. 0	Schallopp .. 1 .. 1	Pollock .. 0

Hanham, a bye.

Saturday (the 24th) was altogether devoted to Mr. Mason and the gentlemen with whom he had to play out adjourned games. In the cases of Mackenzie and Hanham he won, as was generally anticipated, and his game with Blackburne was drawn. Mason, by these achievements, brought his score up from 3½ to 6 in a single day, and proved that he must be reckoned within the struggle for the first prize.

The banquet to the masters was held in the evening, Sir Robert Peel, one of the vice-presidents of the association, presiding on the occasion. After a dinner of the usual Criterion pattern (Crown mark), the chairman proposed the loyal toasts, which, as is usual among chess-players, were enthusiastically received. Other toasts followed—"The Masters," responded to by Messrs. Hanham, of New York, and Mr. Blackburne; "The Competitors for the Amateur Championship," responded to by Mr. Wainwright; "The Committee," coupled with the name of Mr. Hewitt; "The Honorary Secretary and Honorary Treasurer," coupled with the names of Messrs. Hoffer and Cubison; "The Playing Committee," coupled with the name of Mr. Gwynner; "The Press," &c.

The penultimate round of the tourney was marked by a great increase in the number of visitors. The lions of the day were Blackburne and Zukertort, for it was generally felt that the result of this game would almost decide the first prize. Zukertort had a fair advantage in the opening and early part of the game, but, with the desire to win in a hurry which has marked his play throughout, he pressed his attack too long, and entered the end game with two pawns minus. The end was foreseen long before the struggle was abandoned, but eventually Blackburne won, thus obtaining the top score and the best place for the final round on Tuesday. Mackenzie rather rashly accepted the King's Bishop's gambit proffered by Lipschutz, who revived for the occasion a well-worn and unsound attack involving the sacrifice of a piece. Mackenzie must have known the opening well at one time, but he appeared to have forgotten it, played the defence weakly, and succumbed after less than three hours' play. Mason had a narrow escape from defeat by Pollock, from the latter going in for brilliancy. He sacrificed a piece, receiving neither attack nor material in compensation, and, after a valiant but fruitless struggle, struck his colours. The day's score was:

Lipschutz .. 1 .. 1	Mackenzie .. 0 .. 0	Mortimer .. 1 .. 1	Schallopp .. 0
Pollock .. 0 .. 0	Mason 1 .. 1	Hanham .. 1 .. 1	Bird 0
Taubenhaus .. 0 .. 0	Burn 1 .. 1	Blackburne .. 1 .. 1	Zukertort .. 0

Gunsberg, a bye.

The public excitement at the Victoria Hall, on Tuesday, the 27th inst., surpassed in intensity anything of the kind witnessed in connection with a chess tournament within our recollection. The closeness of the leading scores, the fact that the struggle for the first and second prizes lay for the first time between two Englishmen, the displacement of Dr. Zukertort from his usual pride of place in these affairs, furnished such fruitful topics of conversation that little attention was paid to the play, until the resignation of Zukertort to Gunsberg hushed the assembly for a moment. The victory of Taubenhaus over Schallopp and the defeat of Mason by Mortimer following soon after, settled the destination of the third and fourth prizes, for which Gunsberg and Taubenhaus tied. Blackburne drawing his game with Lipschutz, and Burn defeating Hanham, produced a tie between the two Englishmen for the first and second prizes. Not until ten o'clock at night was the destination of the fifth prize determined. At that hour Captain Mackenzie resigned to Pollock, leaving last prize on the list to Mason. It was arranged that the ties should be played out on the 28th and 29th inst.; but, as we go to press on the first-named date, we are unable to announce the final result here. The following table shows the score of each competitor in the twelve rounds of the tourney:—

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Blackburne	8½	3½	Zukertort	6	6
Burn	8	4	Schallopp	5	7
Gunsberg	8½	3½	Pollock	4½	7½
Taubenhaus	8	4	Mortimer	4	8
Mason	7	5	Hanham	3½	8½
Lipschutz	6½	5½	Bird	2½	9½
Mackenzie	6	6			

The amateur championship tourney, although it has evoked less public excitement than that in which the masters have been engaged, has, nevertheless, its own clientele of spectators. Chess clubland is strongly represented among the competitors, and each club has taken a special interest in the contingent its members contribute to the lists. Relegated too literally to back seats in the Victoria Hall, with a crowd of visitors intercepting the light from the windows, the gentlemen engaged in this contest played a sort of blindfold chess, which must have severely tested their patience.

Neither the above competition nor that for the prize presented by Lord Tennyson are likely to be concluded this week. It has been arranged that the competitors shall play at the British Chess Club, 49, Leicester-square, after Tuesday, the 27th inst.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

The Wimbledon Meeting of 1886, which will be reckoned among the specially successful meetings of the National Rifle Association, closed last Saturday. Wednesday week was a good day for shooting, though very hot, and many visitors came into camp. The Duke of Cambridge visited the Canadian camp, and inspected the Colonial teams who had come over to contend for the Kolapore Cup, which was won by the mother country with 666 points. Canada came next with a score of 646, winning £100 as the highest Colonial scorer. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress came to camp to see the contest between the Colonials for the Corporation Cup, for which Sergeant Armstrong (Canada) was first, Captain Barnhill (Canada) second, and Private Churchill (Australia) third. The teams for Oxford and Cambridge Universities contended for the Chancellor's Plate, which was won by Cambridge with a score of 609, Oxford scoring 566. Of other competitions worthy of notice may be mentioned the General Eyre, the first prize in which was won by two representatives of the Royal Marines, Portsmouth Division. The Albert Jewel was won by Captain Godsal, 2nd Bucks. In the evening the President and Council of the National Rifle Association entertained the members of the Colonial teams who shot for the Kolapore Cup.

The fine weather attracted a numerous company to Wimbledon on Thursday to watch the contests for several of the popular matches. Princess Mary Adelaide and the Duke of Teck visited the Cottage, and were present at the conclusion of the shooting for the Ashburton Challenge Shield, which was won by Dulwich, with a score of 383. The Elcho Challenge Shield was carried off by the Irish team, with a score of 1471. Scotland came second with a score of 1408, and England scored 1385. The Spencer Cup was won by Lieutenant Crake, of Harrow. The Clifton squad won the Trophy for the Volunteer Cadet Corps with a score of 89. Though the day was fine, there was a very unsteady wind blowing, which much increased the difficulties of the marksmen.

One of the most interesting features at Wimbledon on Friday was the competition with the new service arm, the Martini-Enfield; Corporal Lamb, one of the English eight, and champion marksman of India, making the highest score. In the contest originated by Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, now Lord Wantage, the highest prize was carried off by the Dorset Yeomanry, the second being won by men of the 2nd Devon Mounted Rifles. The weather was unfavourable for shooting, as besides being very gusty there was a perplexing driving mist and rain, which obscured the targets. As a matter of course, in such weather, there were few visitors in camp.

Prior to the distribution of prizes on Saturday last, competitions took place for the Royal Cambridge Challenge Shield, which was won by the 7th Hussars. The Princess of Wales, who was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and their three daughters, then presented the prizes to the successful competitors. There was a large and distinguished gathering to witness the proceedings. Most of the winners as they advanced to receive their trophies were cheered; but the chief honours were bestowed upon the Colonists and Indians who had been successful in the contests for the Kolapore Cup and the prizes connected with it, and upon Private Jackson, the winner of the Queen's Prize, who received the warm congratulations of the Princess of Wales as she handed him the purse of £250.

We give the Portrait of this year's Champion Rifleman, Mr. C. H. Jackson, of Great Grimsby, a private of the 1st Lincoln Rifle Volunteers; he also won the silver jewel of the English Twenty. Mr. Jackson is a bookbinder and stationer. The portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Son, of Kensington.

The Earl and Countess of Idlesleigh paid a visit, last Saturday, to the studio of Mr. Tennyson Cole, who has been honoured with a commission to paint a life-size portrait of his Lordship.

Over the Thames championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, a sculling-match for £200 took place last Saturday between George Bubeare, of Putney, and Peter Kemp, of Sydney, New South Wales. The Englishman won easily, by about three lengths.

The tenth annual speech-day of the Leys School, Cambridge—which is the High School of the Wesleyan Methodists, whence young men are passed direct into the Universities—was held on Monday, and formed a by no means insignificant finale to the numerous festivities with which the working year of Cambridge is brought to a close.

At Sandown Park there were twelve runners last Friday for the Eclipse Stakes, the richest prize ever run for on the turf—£10,000. In the line for home Fra Diavolo took the lead, but was soon passed by Mr. Barclay's Bendigo, who immediately drew out and won in a canter by three lengths. Lord Alington's Candlemas was second, and Mr. Hammond's St. Gatien third. Lord Savernake won the National Breeders Produce Stakes with Gallinule, and Mr. Osmond the Eleventh Renewal of the Warren Nursery with Rhythm.

It is officially announced that "the directors of the Manchester Ship Canal Company, having been advised by Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons of the number of shares applied for, have decided to withdraw the issue for the present, the amount being less than is required by the Acts of Parliament to enable the company to proceed with the construction of the canal. The sums deposited on application will therefore be returned without delay." It is stated that the total subscriptions do not exceed £3,000,000.

By permission of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a flower show of window plants grown by working men and women, school children, and residents in the several parishes of Lambeth was held, on Tuesday, in the grounds attached to Lambeth Palace. The exhibition was exceedingly creditable, when it is remembered under what conditions the plants were brought to perfection; and many of the better specimens of floriculture shown would have done credit to a more pretentious exhibition. In the evening the Archbishop delivered the prizes, which consisted of sums of money, to the successful competitors. A variety of sports was carried on in connection with the show, and at night there was a display of fireworks.

The ever-flowing stream of periodical literature has recently received a new tributary in a monthly magazine, entitled *Illustrations*, conducted by Mr. Francis George Heath, whose name is so well known as the editor of "Gilpin's Forest Scenery," and as the author of numerous works, such as "The Fern World," "Our Woodland Trees," "Peasant Life," &c. Besides the works named, the articles by Mr. Heath in the present magazine prove him to be a versatile writer, especially delighting in the beauties of nature and the charms of country life. He is assisted by a staff of contributors who fill the sections into which the magazine is divided—Amusement, Art, Biography, Economy, Invention, Literature, Science—with short articles, copiously illustrated, the whole forming, as the title imports, "A pictorial review of knowledge," embracing "everything that concerns the business and pleasure of life." Within this comprehensive area the reader has ample material from which to pick and choose, whether he be in search of amusement or instruction.

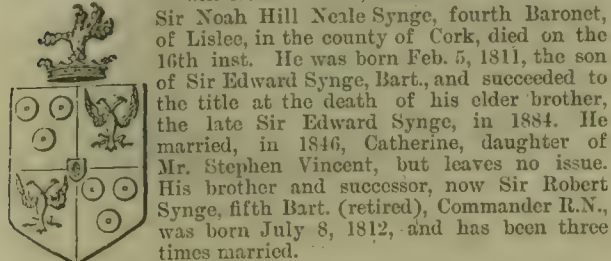
OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES MUNRO, BART.

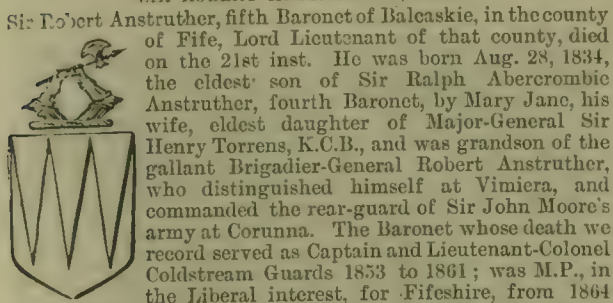


Sir Charles Munro, ninth Baronet, of Foulis, J.P. and D.L. for Ross-shire, died at Southport, on the 13th inst. He was born May 20, 1794, the son of Mr. George Munro, of Cullrain, Ross-shire; was educated in Edinburgh; and succeeded to the baronetcy and estates of his kinsman, Sir Hugh Munro, in 1848. He early entered on military service, and was Lieutenant in the 45th Regiment, with which he went through the Peninsular campaigns from 1812 to 1814. He had a medal and seven clasps. Subsequently, he engaged in the War of Independence in South America, and commanded a division of the Columbia army at the battle of Aquotmar. Sir Charles married, first, in 1817, Amelia, daughter of Mr. Frederick Browne, 14th Dragoons; and secondly, in 1853, Harriet, daughter of Mr. Robert Midgley, of Essington, Yorkshire, who survives him. His eldest son, by his first wife (who died in 1849), is now Sir Charles Munro, tenth Baronet. He was born Oct. 20, 1824, and married, in 1847, Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. John Nicholson, of Camberwell; and has issue.

SIR NOAH SYNGE, BART.



SIR ROBERT ANSTRUTHER, BART.



Sir Robert Anstruther, fifth Baronet of Balcaskie, in the county of Fife, Lord Lieutenant of that county, died on the 21st inst. He was born Aug. 28, 1834, the eldest son of Sir Ralph Abercrombie Anstruther, fourth Baronet, by Mary Jane, his wife, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B., and was grandson of the gallant Brigadier-General Robert Anstruther, who distinguished himself at Vimiera, and commanded the rear-guard of Sir John Moore's army at Corunna. The Baronet whose death we record served as Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel Coldstream Guards 1853 to 1861; was M.P., in the Liberal interest, for Fifeshire, from 1864 to 1880; and succeeded his father in 1863. Sir Robert married, July 29, 1857, Louisa Maria Chowne, daughter of the Rev. William Knox Marshall, Prebendary of Hereford, and leaves four sons and one daughter: of the former, the eldest, now Sir Ralph William Anstruther, sixth Baronet of Balcaskie, Lieutenant Royal Engineers, was born July 5, 1858. The Anstruthers of Balcaskie are a branch of Anstruther of Anstruther.

SIR HENRY DONOVAN.

Sir Henry Donovan, Knight, J.P., and High Sheriff of Kerry 1874, died on the 16th inst., at his residence, Seafield, Tralee, aged sixty-three. He was fifth son of Mr. John Donovan, of Tralee, by Catherine, his wife, daughter of the Hon. Patrick Morris, of St. John's, Newfoundland, and was left a widower in 1835. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him in 1874.

SIR MATTHEW WYATT.

Sir Matthew Wyatt, Knight, J.P., grandson of James Wyatt, the eminent architect, died on the 19th inst., at his residence, 6, Hyde Park-square, in his eighty-second year. He received the honour of knighthood as Standard-Bearer of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms in 1848, and was promoted to the Lieutenantancy of the same corps, which he resigned in 1853.

MR. HUGH COWIE, Q.C.

Mr. Hugh Cowie, Q.C., Recorder of Maldon and Saffron Walden, Essex, Chancellor of the Dioceses of Durham, Newcastle, and Rochester, and J.P. for Surrey, died on the 20th inst., at Ythandale, Wimbledon Park, aged fifty-seven. He was son of the late Mr. Alexander Cowie, of Auchterless, Aberdeenshire, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a Wrangler's degree in 1851. Adopting the Bar as his profession, he became a Queen's Counsel in 1882. He acted as Secretary to the Criminal Law Commission, assisting in the preparation of the Criminal Code, and was last year appointed principal Secretary to the Royal Commission on the Working of the Education Acts.

MR. GIBSON-CRAIG.

Mr. James Thomson Gibson-Craig, of Edinburgh, second son of Sir James Gibson-Craig, first Baronet, of Riccarton, in Midlothian, died recently. He was born in 1799, and received his education at the High School, and at the University of Edinburgh. He became, subsequently, a Writer to the Signet. For a lengthened period he formed one of the literary circle which gave brilliancy to his native city. He was the friend of Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Macaulay; and an original member of the Bannatyne Club. His tastes were not only literary, but artistic and antiquarian. To him was mainly owing the issue of the historical MSS. of Scotland during his brother Sir William Gibson-Craig's tenure of office as Lord Clerk Register.

MR. SCHANK, OF CASTLERIG.

Captain Henry Alexander Schank, of Castlerig and Gleniston, in the county of Fife, died on the 13th inst. He was the representative of a cadet of Schank of that ilk, a very ancient and considerable family in the Lothians. He was born Sept. 23, 1850; was educated at Eton; entered the 91st Highlanders in 1871, and became Captain 71st Light Infantry in 1880. He served in the Zulu war of 1879 and in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, for which he had two medals and star.

OTILIA, BARONESS OF BARSSE.

Otilia Louisa Sophia Corbet, Baroness of Barsse, died on June 12, 1836, at her residence, The Park, Colombo, Ceylon. She was second daughter and coheir of Lieutenant-General Adolphus Otho, Baron of Barsse, Major-General in the British Army. When she was a child, H.M. King William IV. of England created her a Chanoiness of the Noble Order of Baringhausen in Hanover. She married, first, Ernest, Baron of Maltzan-Wartenberg-Penzlin, who died in 1854; and, secondly, Reginald John Corbet, Esq., J.P., M.L.C., of Ceylon, who died in 1877. He was the third son of Sir Andrew Corbet, Baronet, of Moreton-Corbet, in Shropshire. The Baroness had issue of her marriage with Mr. Corbet a daughter, who died in

infancy, and two sons, who survive her—the Rev. Dom Reginald George Corbet, O.S.B., B.D., Missionary Apostolic in Ceylon, and Frederick H. M. Corbet, Librarian of the Colombo Museum.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Alexander Matheson, Bart., suddenly, on Monday. His memoir will be given next week.

Mrs. Ollivant (Alicia Olivia), widow of the Right Rev. Alfred Ollivant, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff, on the 13th inst., at Clifton, in her eighty-fifth year.

Henry Adrian Churchill, C.B., H.B.M. Consul for Sicily, formerly H.M. Consul-General at Zanzibar, on the 12th inst., at Palermo, aged fifty-seven.

Mr. J. P. Knight, the general manager of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, at his residence, Wickham-road, Brockley, of apoplexy, on the 23rd inst.

Colonel Henry Thomas Fyers, Honorary Colonel Yorkshire Artillery Militia, on the 21st inst., at 25, Kensington-square, aged seventy-two. He was elder son of the late Major-General Peter Fyers, C.B., Royal Artillery.

The Hon. Lady Hawkins-Whitshed (Elizabeth), widow of Sir St. Vincent Keene Hawkins-Whitshed, second Baronet, of Killinckarrick, and daughter of the second Lord Erskine, on the 19th inst., at Neville House, Twickenham, aged seventy-four.

Mrs. Walpole (Isabella) wife of the Right Hon. Spencer Horatio Walpole, formerly Home Secretary of State, and fourth daughter of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Prime Minister, who was assassinated by Bellingham. She was born in December, 1801, and married in 1835.

Mr. David Stephenson, of Edinburgh, F.R.S., an eminent civil engineer, senior partner in the firm of D. and T. Stephenson, on the 17th inst., at North Berwick. He was born in 1815, the son of the celebrated Robert Stephenson. His literary works connected with his profession are important.

Mr. Charles Eyre, of Welford Park, Berks, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1834, on the 22nd inst., at his seat near Newbury, aged seventy-nine. He was second son of Mr. John Archer Houlton, of Hallingbury Place, Essex, and assumed the surname of Eyre on succeeding to the estate of the Eyres of Welford.

THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury left Lambeth Palace on Wednesday, and letters on business should be addressed to the Rev. the Chaplain, Addington, Croydon.

The Archbishop of York on Monday re-opened the ancient Norman church at Dalby, Yorkshire, one of a number of churches in the diocese of York which have recently been restored. A large number of new churches are at present being erected in the diocese.

The Archbishop of York on Tuesday reopened the fine old Saxon church at Middleton, Yorkshire, which has been completely restored from plans by Mr. Hodgson Fowler, of Durham.

The Bishop of London has instituted the Rev. Charles Seymour Towle to the new Vicarage of St. Mary, Charterhouse.

The Bishop of Winchester will be absent from Farnham Castle during August. All letters requiring immediate attention should be addressed to his secretary, Mr. H. W. Lee, 2, the Sanctuary, Westminster.

The Rev. Dr. Liddon, who has been Canon-in-Residence of St. Paul's during the present month, will also take the duties in the ensuing month, and will consequently occupy the pulpit on the Sunday afternoons.

The Chapels Royal St. James's and Whitehall will be closed on and after next Sunday week, until further notice.

The last service in the Temple Church, prior to the Long Vacation, will be held next Sunday (to-morrow), after which date the church will be closed until October.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have appointed the Rev. A. Barff, Master of the Choir School at St. Paul's Cathedral, to the important Rectory of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

Lord Halsbury presided at the annual meeting of the Church of England Young Men's Society on Wednesday evening, at St. Bride-street, Ludgate-circus.

Lord Cranbrook on Monday dedicated a monumental bust of the late Earl of Mayo, Viceroy of India, which has been placed in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Rev. Dr. Bailey, Vicar of West Tarring, has been unanimously elected Proctor in Convocation to represent the clergy of the archdeaconry of Chichester, in the room of Prebendary Stephens, resigned.

The great diocesan choral festival was held on Thursday week at Chester Cathedral. Over 1000 voices assisted in rendering the programme. The nave and other parts of the building were crowded, and there was a large attendance of the city and county clergy, including the Bishop and Dean of Chester. The musical proceedings were successfully conducted by the Precentor, while Dr. Bridge presided at the organ.

A NATURAL CROSS OF PEARLS.

Messrs. Streeter and Co., 18, New Bond-street, along with other noteworthy objects now on view—the largest rough diamond in existence, weighing 406 carats, also a lovely cut yellow diamond, larger than the Koh-i-noor; some very large rubies from the newly-acquired mines of Burmah—have a remarkable collection of pearls. With these is the wonderful natural formation of pearls known as the "Southern Cross," from its marked resemblance to that constellation. It was discovered by Captain Davies in 1834, in a pearl oyster, fished up on the Australian coast. It has been on exhibition in the West Australian Court of the "Colonial and Indian," and is valued by the syndicate owning it at £10,000. There is no ground for scepticism as to its being a natural formation. The circumstances under which it was found preclude all idea of its having been produced as the Chinese produce the pearl images of their gods, by inserting an imitation into the open oyster-shell to be covered over with pearly matter. We are assured that skill and science have not yet discovered any means whereby such a union of pearls could possibly be effected as is here produced. As for the general quality of the pearls just received from the various pearling-fleets engaged in the Australian seas, and shown at Messrs. Streeter's, for size and colour they surpass anything yet seen.



In memory of the late Professor Henry Fawcett, a drinking-fountain, subscribed for by women grateful to him for his work on their behalf, was formally unveiled in the Thames Embankment Gardens on Tuesday. Louisa, Lady Goldsmid, performed the ceremony; and the subsequent speakers were Lady John Manners and Mrs. Garrett Anderson.

UNROLLING MUMMIES AT CAIRO.

Professor Maspero, Director of Antiquities and Excavations in Egypt, on June 9, in presence of General Sir F. Stephenson and other English officers, at the Boulak Museum, Cairo, unbandaged two ancient mummies discovered five years ago at Deir el Bahari, Luxor. One contained the body of King Sekenen-Ra Ta-aken, of the seventeenth Theban dynasty, who headed the great revolt against the Hyksos, the invading shepherd conquerors, seventeen or eighteen centuries before the Christian era. He was identified by an inscription on his mummy case. Two large winding-sheets of coarse texture, loosely fastened, covered the body from head to foot. Next came pieces of linen carelessly swathed, and held in place by narrow bandages; these wrappings were greasy to the touch and impregnated by a fetid odour. The outer coverings removed, there remained a kind of spindle of stuff, so slender that it seemed impossible there should be space enough inside it for a human body. The two last thicknesses of linen being stuck together by spices, and adhering closely to the skin, they had to be cut asunder with a knife, when the body was exposed to view. The head was thrown back, lying low to the left. A large wound across the right temple was partly concealed by long and scanty locks of hair. The lips were wide open, and contracted into a circle, from which the front teeth, gums, and tongue protruded, the latter being held between the teeth and partly bitten through. The features, forcibly distorted, wore a very evident expression of acute suffering. A minute examination revealed two more wounds. One, apparently inflicted by a mace or a hatchet, had cloven the left cheek and broken



BODIES OF ANCIENT KINGS OF EGYPT, UNROLLED FROM THE MUMMIES.

the lower jaw, the side teeth being laid bare. The other, hidden by the hair, had laid open the top of the head a little above the wound over the left brow. A downward hatchet-stroke had split off a large splinter of skull, leaving a cleft, through which some portion of the brain must have escaped. The position and appearance of the wounds made it possible to realise with considerable certainty all the circumstances of this last scene of the King's life. Struck first upon the jaw, Ta-aken fell to the ground. His foes then precipitated themselves upon him, and, by the infliction of two more wounds, dispatched him where he lay, one being a hatchet-stroke on the top of the head and the other a lance or dagger wound just above the eye. The Egyptians were evidently victorious in the struggle, which took place over the corpse of their leader, or they would not have succeeded in rescuing it and in carrying it off the field. Being then and there hastily embalmed, it was conveyed to Thebes, where it received the rites of sepulture. The other mummy was that of Seti I., second King of the Nineteenth Dynasty, and father of Rameses II. The body was long, fleshless, of a yellow-black colour, and had the arms crossed upon the breast. The head was covered with a mask of fine linen, blackened with bitumen, which it was necessary to remove with scissors. This operation brought to view the most beautiful mummy-head ever seen in the museum. The sculptors of Thebes and Abydos did not flatter this Pharaoh when they gave him that delicate, sweet, smiling profile which is known to travellers. After a lapse of thirty-two centuries, the mummy retains the same expression which characterised the features of the living man. Most striking, when compared with the mummy of Rameses II., is the astonishing resemblance between the father and son. The nose, mouth, chin, all the features, are the same; but in the father they are more refined than in the son. Seti I. must have died at an advanced age. The head is shaven, the eyebrows are white, the condition of the body points to more than threescore years of life; thus confirming the opinion of the learned, who have attributed a long reign to this King. He built the Hall of Columns in the Great Temple of Ammon, at Karnak.

We are indebted to Mr. Jocelyn H. Thomson, R.H.A., for the Sketches we have engraved.

"ORPHANS."

The artist's idea in this drawing must be obvious at the first glance: the girl, who has been sitting mournfully in sight of her parent's grave, is approached by the lamb which has been deprived of its dam, and may be supposed to regard the incident as suggestive of a certain natural sympathy. Readers of Wordsworth, indeed, will perhaps recollect his poem of Barbara Lewthwaite, and her pet lamb:—

Rest, little young one, rest! thou hast forgot the day,
When my father found thee first in places far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.
It will not, will not rest; poor creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart that is working so in thee?

Among our Illustrations, last week, of the prize horses at the Norwich show of the Royal Agricultural Society, was one of the chestnut mare "Princess," with her foal, belonging to Mr. Henry Moore, of Barn Butts, Cranswick, near Hull, Yorkshire, which took a first prize in one class. "Princess" should have been described not as a hunter, but a hackney, being of that breed on both sides for several generations, and has won the Champion Prize of the Hackney Stud-book Society, as well as other prizes; her foal is also by a hackney sire.



THE PASTORAL PLAY "FAIR ROSAMUND," PERFORMED BY AMATEURS IN CANNIZARO WOOD, WIMBLEDON.



THE LATE CAPTAIN E. BURSTAL, R.N.,
SECRETARY TO THE THAMES CONSERVANCY.



MR. C. H. JACKSON, 1ST LINCOLN RIFLE VOLUNTEERS,
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT WIMBLEDON.

THE LATE CAPTAIN E. BURSTAL, R.N.

The death, on the 13th inst., of Captain Burstal, Secretary to the Thames Conservancy, is a public loss. Edward Burstal was born at Stoke, near Devonport, in 1818, son of Richard Burstal, who had sailing command of H.M.S. *Dreadnought* at Trafalgar. He entered the Navy in September, 1833, and was employed in surveying service on the Thames and Medway. In 1838 he received the thanks of the Royal Humane Society for saving three lives. In 1840, as midshipman on board H.M.S. *Cambridge*, he was engaged in the operations on the Syrian coast, and the blockade of Alexandria; for his services on this occasion he received English and Turkish medals. In 1846 he was engaged in surveying in the North Sea on board the *Fearless*, and was Lieutenant in command during the famine relief on the Irish coast. After that he was engaged in surveying the south-east coast of England and west coast of Scotland. In 1852 he rendered active service in laying the first submarine

telegraph cable from Dover to Calais. He subsequently was engaged in laying the telegraph cable from Orfordness to the Hague, and, by careful navigation, only 119 miles of cable were used to cover 114 miles of actual distance. In 1854 Lieutenant Burstal was engaged in the war operations in the Baltic, and in the taking of Bomarsund. On this occasion his surveying experience led to his being specially recommended in despatches for valuable services in taking up combined English and French fleets when the lights and buoys had been removed and misplaced by the Russians; for which he was promoted to the rank of Commander. At the close of the Russian War he resumed his work of surveying on the Scotch and English coasts. In the year 1857, the Thames Conservancy was established by Act of Parliament, and Captain Burstal was appointed secretary to that body, on the recommendation of the Admiralty. This appointment he held until the day of his death. Captain Burstal took a great interest in the prevention of the

pollution of the river Thames by the metropolitan sewage. It is to be hoped that the evidence given before Parliamentary Committees will some day bear fruit, and that the metropolis will not be allowed much longer to pollute the tidal waters of the Thames. At present a large portion of the income of the Thames Conservancy has to be expended in dredging up the materials abundantly furnished by the metropolitan outfalls. Captain Burstal was a member of several Royal Commissions, notably the Thames Embankment inquiry, which resulted in the plan of the Commissioners being adopted, and the present embankments constructed. His opinion was often in request in connection with marine engineering questions, especially with reference to harbours, docks, bridge foundations, and sea defences. He leaves one son, who is engineer to the Corporation of Oxford.

Our Portrait of the late Captain Edward Burstal, R.N., is from a photograph by Mr. Palmer, of Kingston-on-Thames and Ramsgate.



UNWRAPPING ANCIENT EGYPTIAN MUMMIES IN THE BOULAK MUSEUM AT CAIRO.

THE PASTORAL PLAY AT WIMBLEDON.

Our accustomed contributor, "C. S." in last week's review of dramatic performances, noticed the pleasing spectacle in the Cannizaro Wood, adjacent to Mrs. Schuster's residence at Wimbledon. Lord Tennyson's historical play of "Becket," with a "Fair Rosamund" gracefully represented by Lady Archibald Campbell, was used by Mr. E. W. Godwin, selecting the particular scenes most suitable for this occasion. These were, of course, the out-door scenes in the grove around the famous Bower at Woodstock, and Rosamund became the heroine of the play, instead of Becket as the hero. King Henry II. was played by Mr. Bassett Roe; Queen Eleanor, by Miss Genevieve Ward; the Archbishop by Mr. Macklin; Margery by Miss Maude Millett; while Mr. T. C. Lindloss figured as Sir Reginald Fitzurse; and the little Prince

Geoffrey was prettily represented by Miss Milton, a young lady of tender age. Our illustrations show one of the scenes between the King and Fair Rosamund, and the figures of the other characters above named, whose costumes were arranged with antiquarian correctness. The choruses of peasants and monks, and the songs of Rosamund and Margery, as well as a duet, to a very old English air, sung by Mrs. Chatteris and Mr. Herbert George behind the scenes, were given with very good effect. Mr. John Thomas, the Queen's harpist, was director of the musical part of the entertainment.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods began the sale of the Blenheim pictures last Saturday, disposing of seventy-six pictures, which fetched £34,834. A work by A. Cuyt, "Travellers Halting at an Inn," fetched 1750 guineas. Eight pictures by Rubens were sold: these being "Madonna and

Child," 1360 guineas; "Adoration of the Magi," 1500 guineas; "The Return of the Holy Family from Egypt," 1500 guineas; "The Departure of Lot and his Family from Sodom," 1350 guineas; "The Holy Family," 1200 guineas; another representation of the same subject, 1000 guineas; "The Distribution of the Rosary," 1510 guineas; and "Filial Piety" (a daughter feeding her imprisoned father with her own milk), 1200 guineas. A portrait of Anne of Austria, by the same painter, brought 3700 guineas, and his "Venus and Cupid Endeavouring to Restrain Adonis from the Chase" was knocked down for 7200 guineas. There was again a crowded attendance on Monday. The proceedings were confined to the sale of the series of 117 paintings by David Teniers and three others, which used to hang in the billiard-room at Blenheim. Many of the pictures fetched only a few guineas each, the whole collection realising £2017.

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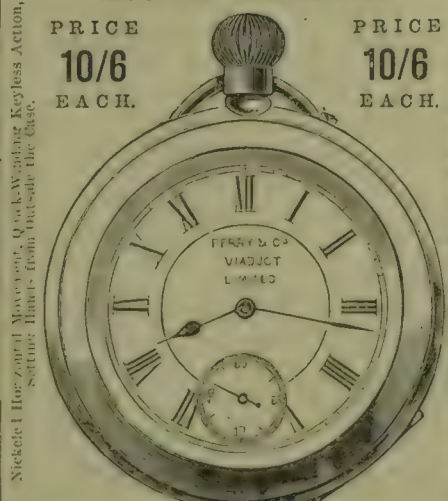
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JOAN NANCY.
NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.
RED-AS-A ROSE IS SHE.
SECOND THOUGHTS.
BELINDA.



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

The trampling and the fighting went on all night long; for they stopped only to drink, and then fought again, like so many devils.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT.

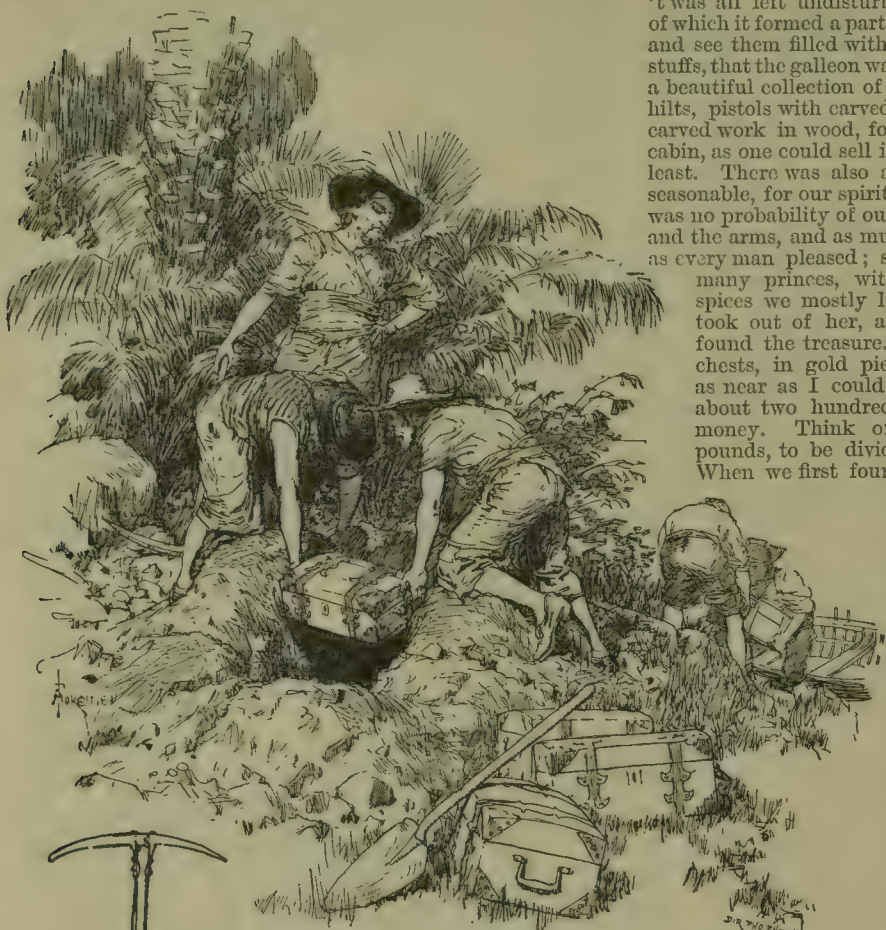
THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBION," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. BRINJES CONCLUDES THE STORY OF HIS VOYAGE.



HOSE who will read this history through, and then consider the various parts of it, will not fail to be amazed with the manner in which Jack was prepared for the fulfilment of his fate and for the close

of his life (if that hath yet happened) by a crowd of circumstances which seem to have indicated it and led him irresistibly. For, first, it was permitted to him—a rare thing—to make the acquaintance of two who had voyaged upon the South Seas—I mean as officers, and of the better sort; for of those who had set foot on Juan Fernandez, fought the Creolian Spaniards at Payta, Guayaquil, and Panama, and insulted their settlements in the Philippine Islands, there were many in Greenwich Hospital and the Trinity Almshouses, of Deptford. Of these two, one, the Apothecary, would relate his adventures in a moving manner, so as to make a boy's cheek burn and his pulses beat. The other, it is true, was a phlegmatic man, but there were parts even of his narrative—as, for example, when the castaways built a crazy boat, thirty feet long, and put to sea only forty strong, yet resolved to attack the first Spanish vessel they sighted, though they had but three cutlasses and half-a-dozen muskets and a small cannon, for which there was no stand, so that it had to be fired from the deck; and for all their provision nothing but stinking conger-eel, dried in the sun, and one cask of water, fitted with a musket-barrel, by which each man drank in turn—I say that there were parts of his narrative which would fire the boy, and make his eyes bright. For the hearing of such sufferings only stimulates a boy who is intended by nature for a sailor. Next, there were the books lent to him by Captain Petherick, all of voyages, especially in Oceanus Australis, and Magellanica. And, thirdly, he was, while yet a boy, to sail across the great Pacific Ocean, which is said to fill those who have once voyaged on its waters with a strange love and desire to return thither, if only to meet with shipwreck and starvation. What follows, however, was the story which Mr. Brinjes now completed—a strange story, truly.

"I told you," he began, "that we were driven off our course north of the latitude in which we hoped to sight the great Manila ship. She carried I know not how many cannon, and I know not how many hundreds of men. But we were a hundred and twenty strong, all well-armed resolute men; and they were Creolian Spaniards, a cowardly crew, who when they have fired their small-arms can do no more, and when the English lads board the craft fall to bawling for Quarter, and strike their flag. There is but one rule in these waters; it is to attack the Spanish flag whenever you find it, and to look for no resistance once you come to close quarters, unless the officers, which sometimes happens, are French; then they will fight. Now, mark what happened to us. The same tempest which drove us so far north caught the Manila ship as well, of which we were in search, and drove her also out of her course, treating her even more roughly than ourselves. We sighted her one morning at daybreak. There could be no doubt about her; there are not many ships of her build in the North Pacific. As soon as we were near enough to make her out, all hands were called to quarters, and we prepared for action with joyful hearts—loading the guns and small-arms, and sharpening cutlasses and pikes. As we drew nearer, and the daylight stronger, the sea being now quite smooth, save for a gentle swell, we perceived a strange thing—namely, that her mainmast and her foremast were gone by the board, only her mizen standing; her bows and bulwarks were stove in, and her rudder was lost. She was drifting about upon the water helpless as a log. She had no sails set; most of her rigging was cut away. We fired a shot by way of signal, but received no reply; then we drew nearer. Not a man could be seen. Were they all hiding down below, or were they hatching some treachery? We ranged presently alongside, cautiously standing to our guns, and expecting nothing less than a broadside. But the guns, on the upper-deck, at least, were not manned; nor was there a soul to be seen, or the least sign of life. However, our boarding-party leaped aboard, with a shout, expecting some trick of the enemy. Boys, there was not a man left in all that great ship. How they got off—by what boats, or on what raft—I know not, nor did I ever learn. She was deserted; she was floating about these lonely seas, a great treasure-

ship, with all her treasure still on board! Why, she was not ours by right of conquest; she was ours by the law of the sea, because she was a derelict. We were pirates, if you please, or rovers, or adventurers. Whatever we were, that ship was our own because we picked her up."

"What!" cried Jack, "No fighting?"

"None, my lad. On that voyage there was no fighting with the Spaniards from beginning to end. As for this great inheritance, into which we came without a question or a blow, 't was all left undisturbed on board with the precious cargo of which it formed a part. Strange it was to walk 'tween decks, and see them filled with the bales of silks, the spices, the rich stuffs, that the galleon was carrying to Acapulco. There was also a beautiful collection of small-arms, and swords with jewelled hilts, pistols with carved stocks, brass carronades, and such carved work in wood, for the state-rooms and the captain's cabin, as one could sell in London for its weight in silver, at least. There was also a great quantity of wine, which was seasonable, for our spirits were well-nigh drunk out, and there was no probability of our getting more. We took all the wine and the arms, and as much of the silks and embroidered stuff as every man pleased; so that we went about as fine as so many princes, with purple and crimson sashes. The spices we mostly left on the ship; but the powder we took out of her, and all her provisions. And then we found the treasure. It was packed in small iron-bound chests, in gold pieces-of-eight and other coins, worth, as near as I could calculate, judging from the weight, about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of our money. Think of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to be divided among a crew of simple rovers! When we first found this treasure, and understood how much it was worth—namely, allowing eight shares for the Captain and eighteen for the officers, nearly two thousand pounds apiece for every man, we were amazed at our wonderful fortune, and looked at each other like stuck pigs. However, we got the boxes on board, and laid them safe in the Captain's cabin, and set fire to the galleon, which blazed furiously, and presently blew up, and so an end of her. And as for us, we sailed away, and began to feast and to drink, and to make merry. And for the first few hours, I think there was never so happy a crew in the world."

"Well," said Jack, "if prize-money were all they wanted. But to have no fighting with the Spaniards—why, one would as lieve take the money out of a till."

"There was a great deal of fighting. I said only that there was no fighting with the Spaniard."

"What other fight was there, then?"

"That evening we made a great feast on deck, all the ship's company sitting down together to as noble a salmagundy, onions being still plentiful, as one would wish to see. And with the salmagundy—which is sailors' food, truly, yet I want no other as long as I live, unless it be lobscouse and sea-pie—we drank the finest wine, designed for his Excellency the Governor-General of the Manilas, that was ever drawn from cask. Such wine one may never hope to taste again. What? Toppers who drink strong black port and Jamaica rum (which yet I love), what know they of the soft and luscious drink which these Papistical Spaniards enjoy daily, sitting in their cool and shady houses, while the negroes and the Indians work for them in the sun? But when the drink got into us, the quarrelling began. When rovers quarrel, they fight. The men were light-headed, to begin with, thinking of their great windfall; and the Spanish wine is heady when you have taken much more than a quart or two, and they very soon began to quarrel over the division of the money. For some wanted to tear up the articles, whereby the Captain took eight shares and the officers eighteen, and all to share-and-share alike. And then swords were drawn and pistols cocked; and those of us who had kept reasonably sober went hastily below. Among these, were the first and second mates, and the bo's'n, and myself. But the Captain was mad with drink. We kept below, while the trampling and the fighting went on all night long, for they stopped only to drink, and then fought again like so many devils, not caring with whom they fought, still less for what cause. The men were resolute fellows, but they never showed half so much courage against the enemy as they did against each other; and those who had been in the morning the heartiest friends and brothers were at night murdering each other with the utmost ferocity."

"They stopped at last; not because they were appeased, but because they were tired; and all slept on deck, some lying across the dead and wounded. It was a strange sight when we ventured on deck, the work of fighting being over, and saw them in the moonlight all lying about among the cannon, mostly in the waist, dead and living together, the blood still running out of the scuppers. The man at the helm was killed, and lying over his wheel. There was no watch; there were no lights; all sails were set, and the ship was swiftly sailing over the smooth waters with no one to look out, no lights in the bows, and no one to care whether we struck on a rock or not. There were thirty wounded men, whom we carried below and dressed their wounds; but fifteen of them died, their blood being heated by the wine and the salt provisions."

"At sunrise most of the men woke up and shook off their drunkenness, and ashamed they were to find the Captain and twenty men killed by the night's quarrel. First they sat and looked at each other, sorry and angry. Then they took consolation, thinking there were still enough men to navigate the ship, and fight her, if necessary, and then someone whispered that there were fewer by twenty to share the treasure."

"So we threw the bodies overboard without any funeral service, and the men resolved to quarrel no more, and all shook hands together."

"I suppose the thought of the money filled all the men's minds, because in the afternoon, when the drinking began again, the quarrelling began. The Captain being dead, they could no longer quarrel over his eight shares; but the officers were left, and they began about their shares. Now, I am sorry to say that both mates, instead of running down below again with the bo's'n and me, stayed on deck and took part in the quarrel. That was a worse night than the other, because it began earlier. Ten more were killed that night, and a great many wounded. What was worse, the morning brought no cessation, but they fought all day long, and for three days and three nights, drinking all the time like devils, as if they desired that as many should be killed as possible, and as few left to divide the treasure. In the end, when they desisted, we were reduced to sixty men, most of whom had wounds of some kind, and some died afterwards of fever, so that we numbered no more than fifty. I suppose that such a thing hath never before happened, that a ship for four days and four nights should sail any course she pleased, being without a

steersman or a captain, or a watch, having all sails set, and yawing about as she pleased, just as the breeze changed, and so sailing all the time before the wind. It was surely a miracle that we were not all cast away and destroyed. At last, however, the men grew tired and sobered, frightened by the deaths of so many, and now awakened to the new danger that if we met the Spaniard we might not be able to fight him nor to protect our huge treasure."

"So we held a serious council. First, we were now all rich men, and it behoved us to think of getting home safely with our money, and to run no risks more than we could help, and not to go in search of other ships, but to keep out of the enemy's way."

"Did one ever hear before of an English crew keeping out of the Spaniards' way? But the treasure made cowards of us all. Every man valued his own skin because he was now the owner of so much wealth. Why, what had been before the fighting a share worth two thousand, was now worth four, at least. Not a man among us but was worth four thousand pounds and more. Even if we had sighted another galleon I doubt whether we should have ventured to attack her. And the men grew moody and scowling, everyone sitting apart, counting his gains and wishing his shipmates dead, so that his own share should be greater. Never was a ship's crew fuller of murderous thoughts and evil jealousies. Even the wounded men dying of fever could not die quietly, but must shriek and cry out for life, because they were now all made men."

"Better have tossed the treasure overboard," said Jack.

"As for our course, we had now sailed a good bit to the south, but we knew not, and we never knew where we were. Look at the chart. Here is the island of Donna Maria Laxara. We were driven north from that island, and we presently sailed south, no man regarding the navigation. The latitude I was able to calculate; but as for the longitude, that was lost, and we knew not how to recover it, there being no one on board except myself who could so much as read."

"After our council, however, we appointed watches, and attended somewhat to the sailing, keeping her course south, in hopes of fetching Juan Fernandez or Masa Fuera. But, lord! we were hundreds of miles to the west, though we knew it not; and as for Juan Fernandez, we should none of us ever see that island again. So we sailed day after day, but slowly, because the winds were light. The sun now grew hot; we were within the Tropics. The men had somewhat recovered their spirits, and bragged what they would do when we got home, and how they would fling the money about. Some were for Kingston, but some for Portsmouth; and I have always felt compassion for the girls of Point that they never had the spending of this great haul. For my own part, I always knew that something was going to happen, for surely such a crew of murderers would never be suffered to get safely to port with so much wealth."

"The first thing that happened was that we were becalmed. I know not where, but I think somewhere hereabouts." Mr. Brinjes pointed to a spot near the middle of the Pacific, far from any other track. "We were becalmed so long that we drank out all the Spaniard's wine, and now had nothing to drink except water, and that so long in the casks that it was, so to speak, rusty. Also, we soon found that we had not a great quantity of provisions left; and the scurvy showed itself with the Lobillo, of which we lost two or three men. And now, if there was no more fighting, there was no more singing and making merry. The men amused themselves with gambling; some of them played away all their shares, but presently won them back, and then lost them again; or they passed the days, which were tedious, in fishing for sharks—the sea was full of them—sometimes they killed them for food, but one soon gets tired of eating shark; sometimes they played with them, for they would catch two, and put out the eyes of one, and tie their tails together, and so drop them into the sea, when it was pretty to see them pull different ways, and fight and bite at each other, just like Christians. Or they would catch one and tie a plank to his tail, so that he could not dive under water or swim away without dragging the plank with him, and so went mad, and lashed the water in his rage. And strange things happened. One day, while we were still becalmed, the needle began to turn all ways, as if the witches had got hold of it—the Jamaica Obeah men know that secret—and another day the sky turned violet colour, with green clouds, very terrifying, and in the night the sea was a blaze of light, so that we were all alarmed, and one young fellow went mad, and cried out that the Day of Judgment was come, and called upon the sea to hide him from the face of an offended God, and so jumped overboard and was drowned. I think we must have been becalmed for six weeks. At last, however, a breeze sprung up from the north-west, and so we continued our course, if that can be called a course which was sailing blindly, on an unknown sea."

"Jack," Mr. Brinjes cried, "It will be thy lot—wherefore I tell thee this history—to cruise upon these waters. Not upon the course which the Spaniards take, but west and south of their route. There wilt thou meet, as we did, with strange and beautiful islands filled with kindly people, who paddle in canoes and swim like fishes, and hold all things in common, and live naked. In those latitudes it is always summer all the year round, with warm balmy air; and nobody heeds the time, and there are always rich fruits to eat and delightful fish to catch. They have no religion, and therefore are not afraid; they have no knowledge of the ten commandments, and therefore know not the nature of sin, and have no conscience to trouble them; they have learned nothing of any future world, and therefore are not anxious; they have no property, and therefore know not envy; they have no diseases, except the incurable disease of age; although their lives are happy, they fear not death, upon which they never think; they neither murder nor rob. What is our modern civilisation, what is the politeness of the age, compared with such happiness as theirs? What is there a man can hope for better than warmth and plenty, the love of women, and the friendship of men, with constant health, sunshine and joy? Do they murder each other? Do they fight duels with each other? Do they gamble away their fortunes? Do they steal and rob? Do they entice away another's wife? Are they clapped into prison for debt, and kept there until they die? Are they hanged for forging, coining, and shop-lifting? Are they flogged at the cart-wheel for anything they do? Are they made to work all day so that another man may grow rich? Are they teased with wars? Must they be starved so that priests may get fat? Do they go in misery and anxiety all their days for fear of the Bottomless Pit?"—Mr. Brinjes enumerated many other things, which are not the blessings of civilisation, yet exist among us, and not among these savages. "Why, for the mere joy of living among this people, and breathing their soft air, our men forgot even their great treasure and their jealousies, and became, as it were, foolish; they quarrelled no longer; they rejoiced to go ashore and court the friendship of these soft savages, and to give them beads, knives, fish-hooks, or any little thing, in return for which the people gave them everything they had; for a string of beads, or a piece of bright-coloured silk they would bring out all they possessed;

for a bottle of rum, they would, I verily believe, have sold their island. Ah!" Mr. Brinjes heaved a deep sigh. "I have known true happiness on the African coast; but there the air is hotter and men's passions are fiercer—well, I love the fierce passion and the temperament which breaks suddenly into flame; but I have never seen or heard, anywhere, of any place where the folk are so gentle as in these seas and life is so easy and so sweet. Heaven keep them long from the accursed Spaniard.

"And as for wonders, I have seen strange things, indeed, which men would not believe. Boys, I do not lie: I have seen bats as big as rabbits, and terrible great serpents which hang from the trees head downwards, and have power by their breath—I know not how—by their breath alone, to draw wild beasts—nay, and man as well—towards them, and so to break their bones and devour them; calamaries, or squids, are there with arms ninety feet long—many have seen them, and avow the truth—which can clutch a whole ship and drag it under water; there are springs of water which have virtue to turn fish into stones; there are flying cats and women fish—yea, fish with heads and breasts like unto women, and tails like the mermaids'; there are shell-fish big enough, each one, to dine a boat's crew, and yet leave meat to spare; there are birds' nests so big that six men cannot fathom one; there are beautiful lizards, of all colours, as big as calves. Am I lying to you? No, boys. There was an island where we gathered a pannier of earth for the cook's galley to lay under his fire. Would you believe that, six months afterwards, we found a bar of gold beneath it, melted out of this little bucket full of earth? But we could never find that island again. As for the people, the men mostly go naked or nearly naked, and the women have a kind of petticoat made sometimes of feathers and sometimes of skins, and they have hair so long that it trails upon the ground; their language is a jargon that no one can understand; and if they worship anything, which I doubt, they worship wooden images. Tasman found some of these islands, but he has never been where I have been. No living man—the rest being dead—has been where I have been. Tell me not of Captain Shelvocke! He only followed the Spaniard's track.

"We cruised about contentedly, leading a life like that of King Solomon himself, among these islands, how long, I know not, for we stayed sometimes for whole months off one island. Perhaps it was fifty years, but I think it was no more than two or three. There was no more talk of the treasure. Some of our crew died, some refused to leave the islands, even for their share of the treasure, and preferred a black wife and a life of ease under a warm sun, with palm-wine and pandang (which is their kind of food), to any more dangers upon the water. So at length, out of our company of a hundred and twenty there were but five and twenty left, among whom to divide the great sum of money. This would give ten thousand pieces each. But by this time the ship, poor thing, was fallen into disrepair, and most of our stores were now expended, so that what with rotten cordage, which would hardly hold a sail, and a leak which she had sprung somewhere, which gained daily, and planks now so soft that you could put a knife into them as into a rotten apple, and her bottom covered with green weeds, like a ditch beside a hedgerow at home, I, for one, doubted whether she would hold together at all if bad weather came. But in these islands we never found any bad weather.

"By this time all our clothes were worn out. Stockings and shoes we had none, but no one wanted them. For coat and shirt and all, we had the bales of silk which we found on the galleon; and let me tell you that, in a warm climate, there is no wear like silk, being both soft and cool. We had suffered our beards to grow; we had left off carrying arms, and nobody quarrelled or fought. Our provisions were long since gone, but we had palm-wine, such as the islanders make, and pandang, and we were dexterous at fishing. If we left one island and sailed to another, it was only for the sake of change, for sailors are always a restless folk; and we thought of nothing but to continue the joyful, easy, and happy life that we were leading.

"It was I, there being no officers left, who broke up this contentment, and called the men together to speak seriously. I pointed out to them very earnestly that we must resolve, and that immediately, whether we would settle upon some friendly island and break up the old ship, or whether we would without more delay attempt the voyage home. I told them that we were all rich men, and could take our ease for life, if only we succeeded in getting home; but that we had a leaky and crazy ship, with rotten cordage, worm-eaten planks, and foul bottom, and that we must first put her in some kind of repair before we could think of getting round Cape Horn, and if we did not speedily attempt these repairs the poor old barky would founder beneath us. The men lazily replied that they cared nothing whether the ship fell to pieces or no, and were content to live for ever upon one of these islands among the blacks, of whose soft manner of life they were enamoured, and wanted no more fighting or tempests. Such softness stealth over the souls of all who dwell in these latitudes. This is the reason why the Creolian Spaniard—he of Mexico, Cuba, or Acapulco—is so poor a creature as compared with the Englishman, for the heat and softness of the air have sapped his courage, and made him a coward. One or two among us, however, having still something left of courage, and some recollection of home, persuaded them to consent that we should, when we could find a convenient place, endeavour to heel the ship over and scrape her, stop the leak, if we could, and make her shipshape for rougher weather.

"A few days afterwards, we came to a small archipelago, or collection of small islands. They were not the coral islands, which lie low, and are surrounded by a reef of coral, but were all like hill-tops, rising sheer and steep out of the water, green and wooded to the top, and apparently uninhabited. In one of these we found a curious natural dock or basin, deep and narrow, for all the world like the Greenland Dock at Redriffe, and as suitable for our purpose as if we had made it ourselves. Here we resolved to make our dockyard, and to begin by heeling over the ship to get at her bottom. Wherefore, in case of accident, it was first agreed that we should put the treasure ashore in the only boat we possessed, the great storm having stove in the others. We lowered the boxes, and put in the boat five men, of whom I was one, with intent to row ashore, lay the gold in some safe place, and then return to tow the ship into this creek, or rocky natural dock. So we put off, thinking no danger, and rowed to land.

"Now, mark what happened. The ship was lying, when we left her, in smooth water, all sails furled. There was no wind, not a breath of air; if we had dropped our kedge, which we could not, because there was no bottom, the ship would have ridden anchor apeak. The time of day was afternoon, when air and water are at their stillest; and she was in a kind of channel or narrow sea, with these islands all around, which I should say were quite desolate and uninhabited, yet full of trees and fruits, with plenty of fresh water. We had no more than the length of a furlong to row, the water being deep and the shore of our island shelving steep down into the sea. We landed, hauled up the boat for fear of accident, and began to carry ashore the boxes, in order to lay them together under the trees. You think, perhaps, that a treasure of two hundred and fifty thousand pieces-of-eight is a mighty great

matter. So it is, yet they may all be stowed in a few small boxes. We laid them down, then, and left them (no one being on the island except ourselves) at the foot of a palm.

"And there, my lads," Mr. Brinjes added, slowly, "there they are to this day. For sure and certain I am that no ship hath been among these islands since. And I know that I could find the place again."

"Why did you leave the treasure there?"

"You shall hear. When we got down to the shore again, a strange thing—nay, a miracle—had happened. The ship, which we left, as I said, only a furlong from the land, was now—as near as we could guess—two miles. She had none of her canvas spread; there was no breeze to speak of, and yet she was slipping through the water away from us at six knots an hour, as near as we could guess. Wonderful it was to see a ship, without wind or sails, moving so fast. Whether it was witchcraft—which I sometimes think—or a strong current, which may have been the cause, I cannot tell; but our ship had slipped away, and left us behind. We rowed after her; but a little boat, with one pair of oars, cannot overtake a vessel going six knots an hour, with two miles and more to overtake. Then we thought to make the crew put the ship about, if they could. We shouted and made signals; but, so far as we could discern, no one on board noticed. Perhaps the men were all bewitched, as, I think, must have happened; perhaps they were drinking or sleeping, because in those days they generally spent the time in sleep, whenever they were not drinking or fishing. She seemed to move faster and faster, and the evening was coming on. The sun got low; we had only time to row ashore before the darkness was upon us; and the last we saw of the poor old ship was the sight of her spars, with the sinking sun behind them, and the red sky above, and the water spread out before us like a sheet of copper.

"What became of that ship and her company, I know not. But I doubt not that the craft is broken up, and the crew are all dead long ago. For either she struck a reef and was wrecked, and the crew drowned, having no boat; or—which may very well have happened—the leak grew upon her, and she made so much water that she foundered; or they may have made a raft, and landed on some island where they lived and, in due course, died of too much palm-wine. And this was the best that could happen to them.

"As for us five men who were left upon the island, we hoped at first that the ship would come back for us, but she did not; then we made up our minds to stay there, and we built a kind of house, and made ourselves easy, and fished, and made pandang. No man need starve upon these islands. But, after a while, we grew tired of the life, and so resolved to attempt escape. So we buried the treasure at the foot of the palm where we had first laid it, and on the trunk we cut a mark; then we rigged a sail of palm leaves, caulked the boat with cocoa-fibre, took some water and such provisions as we could lay up in store, and so left our island and sailed eastward. We were still among islands, and we sailed among them for many weeks—I know not how long. For still, when we were out of sight of one island, we would sight another and yet another, but not all friendly, nor all so soft and affectionate as those we had left behind us. So we crept on, from shore to shore and from cape to cape, until at last we reached the open sea, and no land in sight at all, and presently no provisions."

"And what happened then?"

"My lad," said Mr. Brinjes, "it is a terrible thing to be at sea with no provisions either to eat or to drink. Those who have water may go on for a long time; though I have been told that the body presently swells up and grows restless, and one must move about—which, in a small boat, is difficult. But to have neither food nor water! Then the men's eyes grow fierce and eager: horrible gnawing pains tear them to pieces. All day long they gaze upon the water for a sail, though they know, as we knew, that there can be no sail in those parts. At night, they sleep not; but groan and wish it were day. Then the pains increase, and one would willingly die but for the agony of death: and then the men cease looking upon the ocean, but look in each other's faces—none daring to say what is in every man's mind."

Here he was silent for awhile.

"All this time we had a steady gentle breeze, so that we sailed easily over smooth water, and all the time we were followed by a shark, which never left us, and was a certain prognostication of death—which we knew and understood. My lads, when that boat was picked up—which was by a Spanish brig, sailing for the port of Acapulco—there was but one man left. All the rest had parted their cable, and the shark had eaten them—that is, some parts of them. The survivor hath never told anyone how he kept himself alive. Perhaps he was able to catch a few fish; perhaps he caught a wild bird; perhaps it rained, and he caught the water as it fell. If ever you do pray for yourself, Jack—but it is best to take your own luck and to pray for others—pray that you be never condemned to sail in an open boat without provisions." I have read, in some book of shipwrecks, that sailors have been known, in the extremity of their hunger, to kill each other for food. Did Mr. Brinjes and his boat's crew resort to this dreadful method?

"As for the treasure," he concluded, solemnly, "I have bequeathed it, Jack, to thee and to Bess Westmoreland, here, in equal parts. We will sail together, some day, and dig it up. I am old; but I shall not die until I have seen those seas again. We will go together, Jack, and thou shalt be rich. But even now thou art going thither, happy lad! When thy ship comes home, we will get a brig, somehow, and sail away together—Captain Easterbrook in command—and steer for those islands: I know not their longitude, but as to latitude, I am very sure they are about the parallel of 20 S. Oh! I shall find that archipelago. I cannot die until I have breathed those airs again and found the treasure! Jack, thou art heir to a greater estate than any man in England can boast. There is no Earl or Duke who shall hold up his head beside thee. Thou shalt be a Prince, and Bess shall be a Princess."

He rolled up his chart, and returned to his chair and his pillows, sinking into them with the exhausted air which made one perceive that he was already arrived at extreme old age.

"Forty years ago!" he groaned. "Where are they gone, those forty years which have taken away my strength? They made me a slave in Acapulco—a slave to a Creolian Spanish devil, who daily flogged and kicked me. Jack," he sat upright, and his eye flashed fire, "when we have recovered the treasure we will burn the town of Acapulco, and roast alive every Spaniard in it. Oh, that I could have then got back to the island! But that I could not; and very soon I perceived that I must somehow escape, unless I was to be a slave for life, worse than a negro slave, and made to change my religion or burn. This, though I had lived among the islands like a Pagan, I was unwilling to do. I therefore ran away, and committed myself to the Indians, by whom I was taken across the Isthmus of Panama, where I lived in the woods among my friends the savages for two years and more before I could find an English ship among those which came trading for mahogany to the coast of Yucatan which would take me off. So that of

all that long journey I brought back to Jamaica with me but one thing—my blue stone for the cure of snake bites." He pulled it out of his pocket. "When you are bitten by any of the reptiles and insects of the forest, even by the most venomous, you may apply this stone (I have tried it on myself after a deadly snake-bite), which sticks on the place, and doth not fall off till it hath sucked up all the poison, when it drops of its own weight, and must be put into milk before you can use it again. Forty years ago! When I was young and could enjoy! Life mocks us, Jack. Sometimes I think that we are the sport and the laughter of the gods; but we know nothing. It lies before you have more than tasted of its joys. Give me fifty years more—only fifty years—and set me on the African coast among the Coromantyns, and I will find the secret which their wise women know. It is in the African forests that the herb grows which can cure all disease, even the disease of old age. With my treasure I could buy it, or find it, or compel them to yield it up. Happy boy! happy boy! Go breathe those airs of heaven, and gaze upon those purple islands! If thou lightest upon an archipelago somewhere in latitude 20 deg. S. where the islands are like hilltops covered with wood, search for one which has on its north side a creek like a natural dock, then look for a palm-tree marked with a cross, and dig beneath it for a treasure. But if thou dost not find that island, then when thy ship comes home we will go together and seek for it, and find the treasure—thine inheritance!"

(To be continued.)

THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

When the Council of the Royal Academy announced, at the beginning of the season, that they intended to issue an official illustrated catalogue of this year's exhibition, it was expected that we should see something far surpassing what has hitherto been done in that way. The handsome volume just issued fully satisfies that expectation. We have here 150 examples selected from the pictures and sculpture of the year, reproduced by the photogravure process of Messrs. Boussois, Valadon, and Co. The illustrated catalogues hitherto issued by the other art societies have usually conveyed very inadequately an idea of the work intended to be represented; but here we have fairly good reproductions, on a considerable scale, in black and white, of the best works of the year. Some of the examples chosen are totally unsuited to the process; but, on the whole, we have a collection of great interest, whether viewed as examples of the leading artists of the day, or as the cream of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1886. The volume consists, first, of a reprint of the catalogue, then we have about fifty works by Royal Academicians and Associates, the remainder being selected from among the outsiders. The first that attracts our attention is "The End of the Harvest," by David Farquharson, which is a remarkable example of well-balanced effect when translated into black and white. Some of the pictures suffer less than others in the translated version, while others are positively more pleasing than in the original. Mr. Burgess's "An Artist's Alms-giving" is good; so is Mr. Aumonier's "The Village Congregation." "The Marquis Tseng" is a fortunate selection as regards the reproduction process; while Mr. Holl's "Duke of Cleveland," though much too dark a picture for this process, is nevertheless very striking, as indeed any reproduction of this capital picture would be. Mr. Poynter's "Marquis of Ripon" is even better here than in the original. Miss Alice Havers' "Blue Eyes and Pink Eyes" is a pleasing black and white picture, notwithstanding a superabundance of grey tints; whereas, in Mr. A. Moore's "Silver," where there is no relief to the grey, the effect is not good. "Cromwell at Dunbar," by Mr. A. C. Gow, is one of the most difficult pictures to reproduce, yet it is one of the most successful. Mr. Briton Riviere's very humorous "Union is Strength" is capitally rendered, although a difficult subject. The picture entitled "Malvina," by Mr. Yeames, is excellent, save and except the dark forms in the lower part. "Scallop Trawlers in the Channel," by Mr. John Fraser, is well reproduced; so, also, is "The Confessional," by E. Blair Leighton. "Exotics," by T. F. Dicksee, is bright and effective; but "Waiting," by J. B. Bedford, is an utter failure—the face is in a fog. Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Habet!" is here very well reproduced; but the preposterous pike looks even more gigantic in black and white. Mr. Bryan Hook's "Cornish Fishers" is another fortunate selection for black and white rendering; and a very good idea is given of Mr. Solomon's remarkably clever picture "Cassandra." The other most successful reproductions in this interesting volume are Mr. Kenington's "Orphans"; "The Death of Torrigiano," by Mr. Holroyd; "On Guard," by Mr. Story; "The Flower Merchant," by Eugene De Blaas; "Canal Life," by C. E. Wyllie; "Rose of all the Roses," by Mr. Alma Tadema; "Palm Sunday," by Hubert Schmalz; "Take us, Daddy," by Tom Lloyd; "The Return from a Raid," by E. Crofts; "A Herefordshire Orchard," by J. D. Adam.

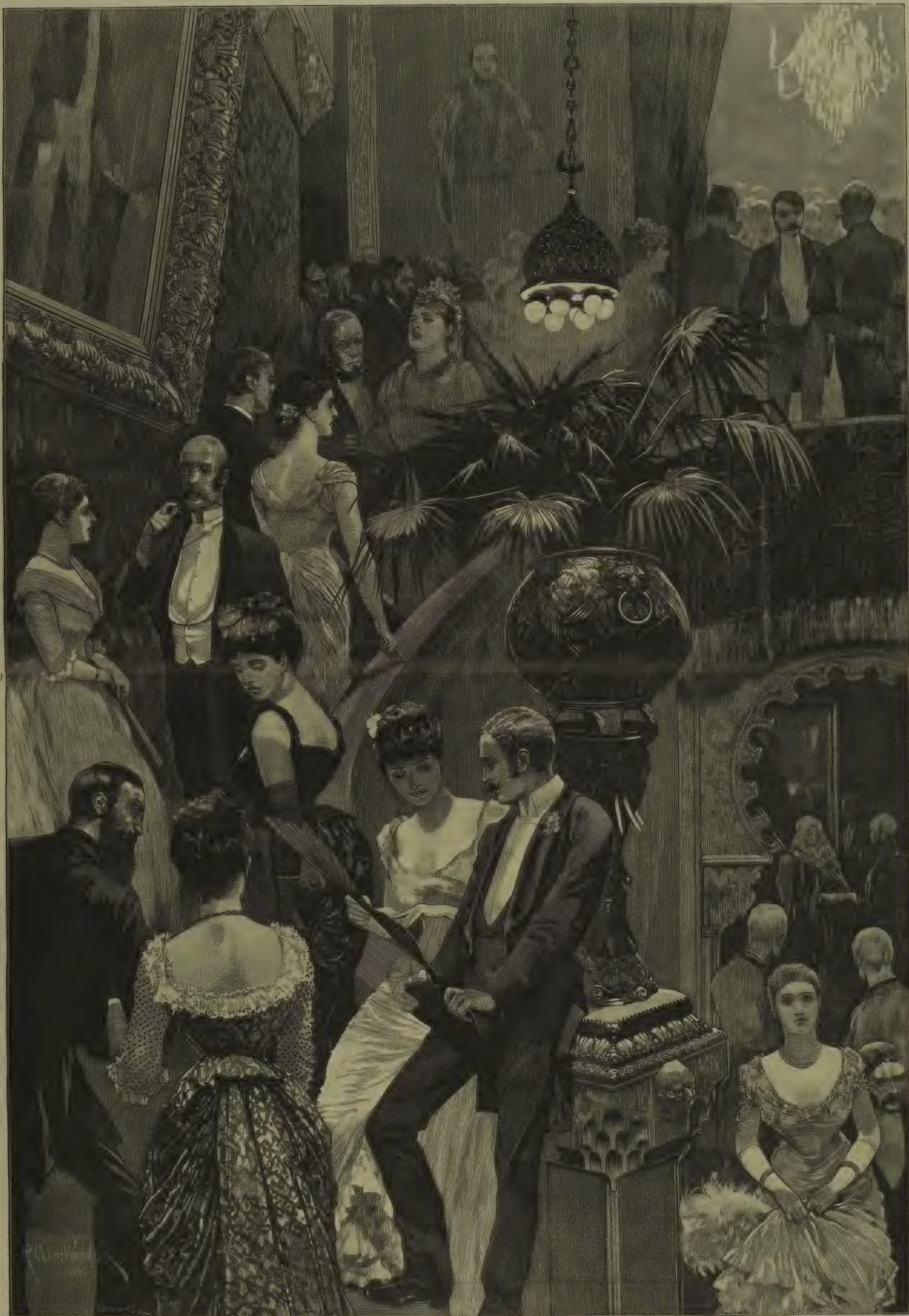
On the whole, the illustrated catalogue of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1886 is a work of the highest interest, and will assist the student of the history of British art to judge whether contemporary opinion was right in placing the exhibition below the average of recent years. The work is beautifully printed by Messrs. Clowes and Sons.

TWO AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.

The annual show of the Royal Northern Agricultural Society was held in Aberdeen on the 22nd inst. There was a considerable reduction in the entries of horses and cattle compared with the last two shows. The Queen, who is an exhibitor in the polled department, secured the first prize for cows of any age. For heifers in the same class, the Marquis of Huntly took first place, and the Earl of Strathmore second. The latter secured the first prize for heifers calved last year. The society's Challenge Cup for the best animal in the breeding section of the polled class was awarded to Mr. Wilken-Waterside, of Forbes, who also secured the McCombie Special Prize with the same animal. The Marquis of Huntly took two of the Highland Society's prizes for polled cattle.

The annual exhibition in connection with the Hertfordshire Agricultural Society was held on the same day, at Hatfield. Among the principal prize-winners for agricultural horses were Mr. G. S. Hanbury, Mr. Muirhead, Messrs. A. and T. Ransom; and for hunters, cobs, and ponies, Mr. F. Swindell, Mr. J. C. Priest, and E. and J. Flack. In the cattle classes, the principal awards went to Mr. W. H. Wodehouse, Mr. S. Baxendale, Mr. C. A. Hanbury, Mr. A. E. M'Mullen, and Mr. R. R. Smith. The Champion Cup for the best shorthorn animal exhibited by a tenant-farmer was taken by Mr. W. Gray with a young bull, "The Munden Swell," only six months old. In the classes for sheep, Mr. T. F. Buxton was the principal prize-winner. The Marquis of Salisbury was an exhibitor in several classes, and was a prize-winner.

The Attorney-General has appointed Mr. Charles W. Mathews, of the Western Circuit, senior prosecuting counsel to the Post Office, at the Central Criminal Court.



THE LAST "AT HOME" OF THE SEASON.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1882), with two codicils (dated March 2, 1883, and Dec. 3, 1884), of Mr. Peter Whitley, late of Wilderspool-within-Appleton, Cheshire, and of Curzon-street, Mayfair, who died on May 22 last, was proved on the 6th inst. by Mrs. Elizabeth Whitley, the widow, Edward Whitley, M.P., the brother, and William Henry Cobb, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £331,000. The testator leaves his shares in Greenall, Whitley, and Co. (Limited), to his said brother, subject to the payment out of the dividends and interest of £12,000 per annum to his wife, for life, and of some other annuities; £500 to his executor, Mr. Cobb; and all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate to his wife.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1880), with a codicil (dated July 31, 1880), of Mr. Michael Hughes, formerly of Sherdley Hall, St. Helens, Lancashire, but late of No. 41, Grosvenor-place, and of Huntley Lodge, Huntley, in the county of Aberdeen, who died on April 24 last, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Mrs. Ellinor Mary Hughes, the widow, and Michael James Hughes, the son, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £82,000. The testator gives all his plate to his said son; his furniture, pictures, books, jewellery, household effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and £300 to his wife; and there are bequests to his brother, William Edward, and to his three sisters. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he settles upon his wife, for life, with remainder to his son, Michael James, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail male.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1881), with a codicil (dated Feb. 12, 1883), of Mr. Charles Barnes, late of Mossley-hill, Wavertree, Lancashire, who died on the 7th ult., was proved on the 5th inst. by Mrs. Marian Barnes, the widow, Frederic Gorell Barnes, the son, and the Rev. John Lloyd Pain, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £65,000. The testator leaves £500 to his wife; his books, silver plate, pianos, and musical instruments to his wife, for life, and then to his two children; his furniture, household effects, horses and carriages to his wife; his copyhold residence, Mossley-hill, to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his daughter, Emily Frances; £18,500, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then, as to one third thereof, for his said daughter; £12,500, upon trust, for his said daughter; and two or three other bequests. The residue of his property he gives to his said son.

The will of Don Manuel de Toledo, Duke de Pastrana, late of the Villa Henry IV., Canino de Tresprey, Pau, and of Madrid, who died on Jan. 26 last, was proved in London on the 28th ult. by Maria Dionisia de Vives y Zires, Countess de Cuba, Duchess de Pastrana, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £44,000. The testator declares he has neither ancestors nor descendants, and, therefore, there is no person who must inherit, in conformity with law, any part of his property, and he appoints his wife sole and universal heiress to have, enjoy, and inherit his real and personal property, in absolute and free ownership.

The will (dated March 9, 1881), with three codicils (dated July 24 and Aug. 8, 1881, and Dec. 20, 1884), of Lady Elizabeth Frederica Drummond, late of Bourne Hill Cottage, Cadland, in the county of Southampton, who died on March 20 last at Belvoir Castle, was proved on the 29th ult. by Edgar Atheling Drummond and Alfred Manners Drummond, the sons, two of

the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. There are a large number of specific bequests (including one of a necklace, presented to her by Beau Brummel) to children and other relatives and others; and the residue of her personal estate the testatrix leaves, upon trust, for her sons, Alfred Manners Drummond and Victor Arthur Wellington Drummond.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1866), with three codicils (dated April 30, 1874; Oct. 25, 1884; and May 1, 1885), of Mr. George Nethercoat Cooke, late of The Croft, Detling, near Maidstone, Kent, who died on the 4th ult., was proved on the 1st inst. by Richard Cooke, the son, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testator bequeaths £100, and all his furniture, jewellery, household effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, to his wife, Mrs. Juliana Cooke; his plate and plated articles to his wife, for life, and then to his said son; and legacies to servants. His wife being already suitably provided for by their marriage settlement, he leaves the residue of his real and personal estate to his said son.

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1883), of Mr. Alexander Henderson, late of No. 151, Regent-street, theatrical manager, who died on Feb. 1 last, at Cannes, was proved on the 10th ult. by Charles Ellis Bird, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testator gives some freehold house property, and pecuniary legacies to his daughters, grandchildren, sister, nephews, nieces, Mr. Robert D'Albertson (his manager), Mrs. Johnson (his chorus mistress), and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, Mr. Lydia Eliza Henderson.

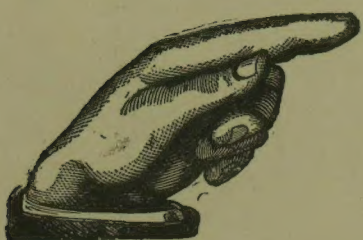
The will (dated Dec. 28, 1885) of Sir George Francis Welsh Kellner, K.C.M.G., C.S.I., Assistant Paymaster-General of the Supreme Court of Judicature, late of No. 46, Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, who died on the 10th ult., was proved on the 30th ult. by Dame Jane Kellner, the widow, and Henry Francis Brown, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £4000. The provisions of the will are wholly in favour of testator's wife and children.

TWO BOOKS OF SPORT.

Great indeed are the mysteries of fly-fishing. If to anglers learned in them, the process of education is never complete, what shall be said of the ignorant multitude whose notion of angling is strictly that of Dr. Johnson, as work after work upon special branches of the sport issues from the press? Early in the year the dry-fly men of the Hampshire school were treated to, and promptly gorged, the first edition of a costly work, beautifully illustrated, upon floating flies; and now the turn of the much older school is served in *North Country Flies*, by Mr. T. E. Pritt (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington). In a previous edition the author modestly appealed to Yorkshire brethren only, and their response was such that the publishers' stock soon ran out. The new title is no doubt warranted by the fact that the sixty-two flies, hand-painted on the eleven plates furnished in the book, from the author's own drawings, are applicable to most of the northern waters, where hackles, rather than wings, are the fashion. The canny Yorkshiremen, who whip Wharfe, Ure, Swale, and Nidd, must not, however, suppose that they enjoy a monopoly of hackled flies, for many on old-fashioned Southron is loyal to them. There are times, no doubt, when the chalk-stream trout of Hampshire and Berkshire may be killed by some of these queer, spider-looking

representations of no living insects, which are taken, in moments of rash confidence, probably, for peripatetic larvae moving under water. These flies are as scantily clothed as a fashionable lady in a ball-room, yet the materials of their dressings must be of the choicest. For every one of his two-and-sixty flies Mr. Pritt gives minute sumptuary directions at which the uninitiated will perhaps be inclined to scoff. The fine art of the business-nevertheless-demands, according as the pattern may be, the fur of the mole, a fibre from a blueish dun hen, a minute strip from a starling's quill feather, a scrap of brown owl's wing, a small feather from the outside of a young curlew's wing, a bit of a bluecap's tail, the back of a swift or marten, the shoulder of a lapwing, together with continual tributes from peacock, heron, grouse, partridge, woodcock, and snipe. There are north-country hackled flies, indeed, which are, without circumlocution, named after the four last-named, and very killing they are upon the rapid, hillborn streams traversing the Yorkshire and Cumberland fells and dales. The book, we may add, in every way replaces the older treatises of Theakston and Jackson, worthy masters of the north country school; and it is handsomely produced.

There is not much that is new to be said of the fish, flesh, and fowl indigenous to this country. Since the wolves disappeared, our beasts of the field have not materially altered, except by the gradual extinction of the wilder creatures. Our birds, if they have suffered losses, have enjoyed a balance of gains by acclimatisation. Our native fishes remain almost exactly as they were, neither more nor less. In taking up the *Sporting Fish of Great Britain*, by H. Cholmondeley-Pennell (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington), we therefore know generally what to expect. Years hence, probably, there may be new stock in English rivers and lakes. This is the dream, the cherished belief, the aim of the modern pisciculturists, who advocate the introduction of black bass from America, the mirror-carp of Germany, the whitefish of Canada, and some of the salmonidae of the New World. Fish culture in this country will, however, mainly depend upon the one consideration, whether it can be made to pay; and, with the seas around our shores so prolific of salt-water fish like sole and herring (than which there are none better for eating in the wide world of waters), and with great rivers yielding, under proper protection, an almost inexhaustible supply of salmon, it is doubtful if the comparatively poor fresh-water fishes—other than salmon, trout, and eels—would ever pay for systematic breeding. The American fontinalis, a char, wrongly termed a brook-trout, is now to be caught in a few English waters; but it will probably always prove an impracticable habitant for ordinary streams. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Pennell has not included this partly acclimatised stranger in his list. There are sixteen lithographs of fish in gold, silver, and colours. This is a novel and highly effective mode of illustration, and there is little fault to be found with either drawing or colouring. In the latter respect the illustrations are the best of the kind ever produced by an English publisher. It is not made clear, however, why the rudd and Loch Leven trout are deprived of silver and gold; and Thames anglers may reasonably complain that the merry gudgeon, which in these summer days should be coming freely to the rake in many a familiar swim, is not considered worthy of a place amongst the sporting fish of the country. The omission of the splendidly vested gillaroo, is also unfortunate; but it ought not to be ranked as another Irish grievance. Much of the subject-matter is quoted from the author's previous works.



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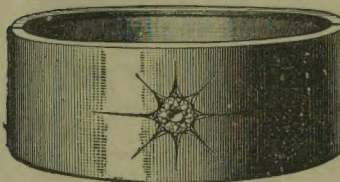
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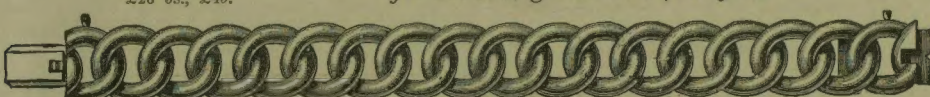
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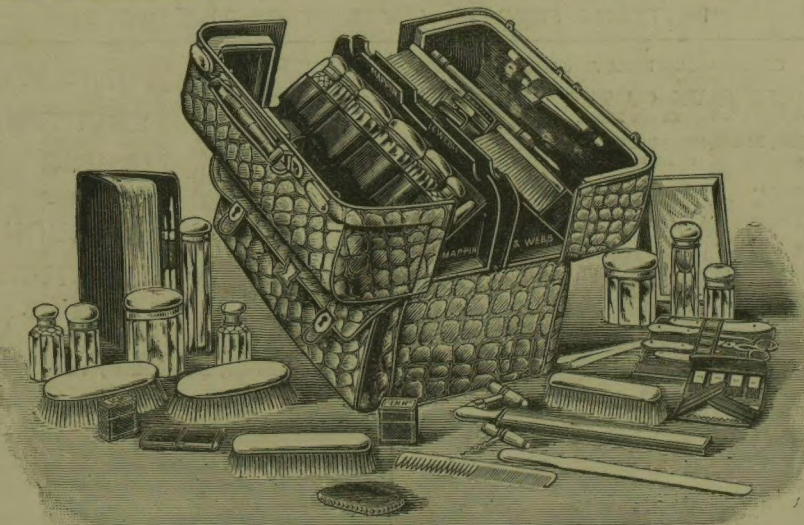
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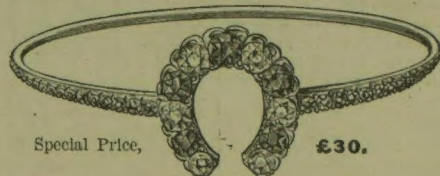
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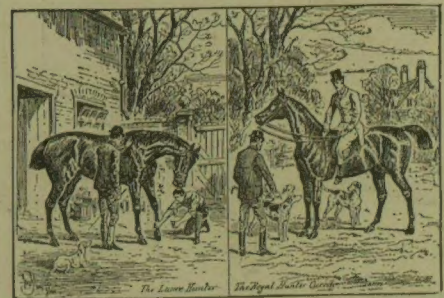
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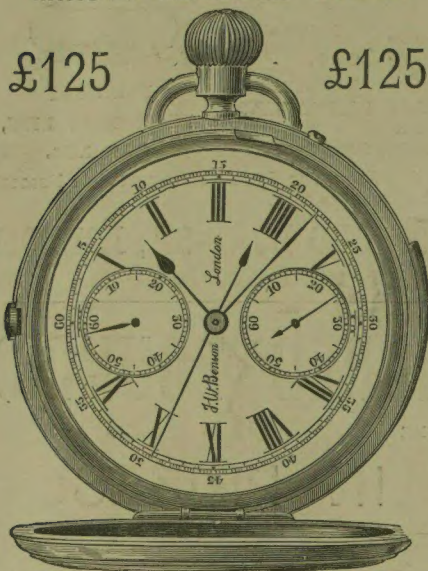
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Repeats hours, quarters, and minutes at pleasure.
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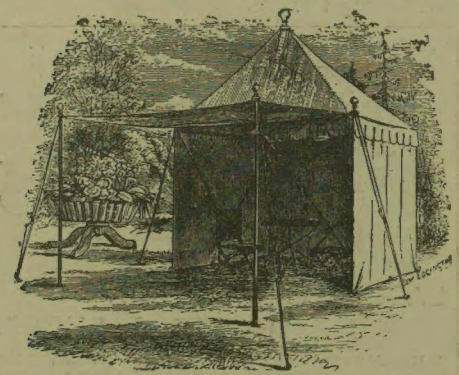
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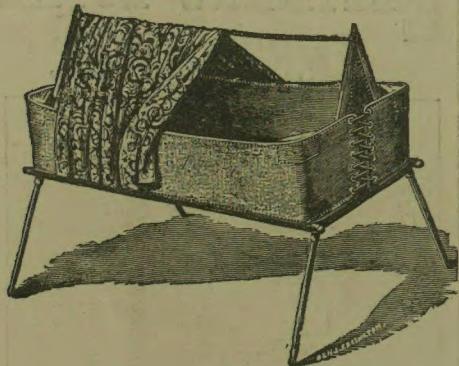
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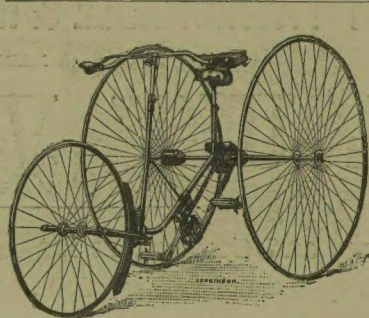
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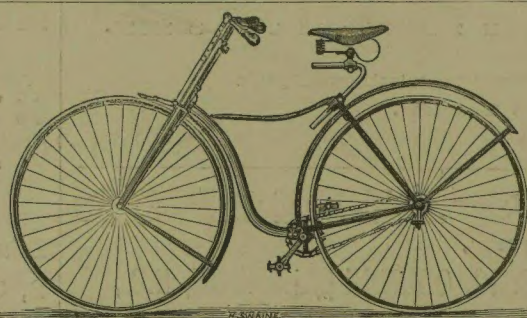
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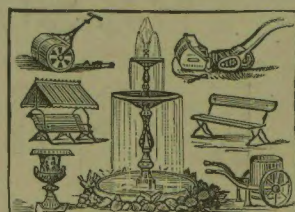
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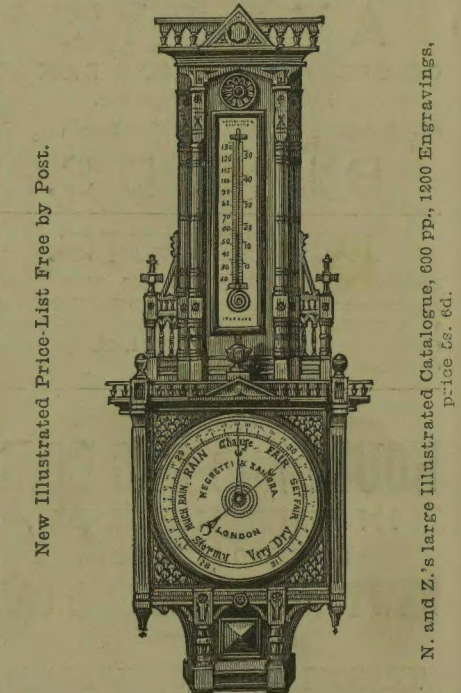
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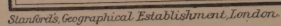
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